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The Elkhorn Advocate.

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THE ELKHORN ADVOCATE.

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Published, by the Washakada Indian Homes.

W. J. THOMPSON, Editor.

MARRIAGE.

(Communicated.)

Legally in all Protestant countries marriage is regarded as a civil contract only—the conjugal union of one man with one woman. Custom and the romance connected with the interesting event has given it a sacredness which lifts it above a mere agreement. In this country magistrates, equally with clergymen, have a right to perform the ceremony. A mere legal wedding however is regarded with disfavor among the people and a clergyman usually officiates. Marriage has developed from a barbarious union of the sexes to be the most tender, sacred and important relation in human affairs. There is a vast difference between the rude and forcible seizure of a wife, as in former ages, and the romance thrown around the affair in our own time and country. Contrast with the tender romances of the present day, the seizure of the Sabine women by the Romans. When Romulus invited all, who would, to settle in his new town (Rome)men came in abundance but no women. He applied to the neighboring communities of Latins and Sabines to obtain wives for his subjects. The request was indignantly rejected. Romulus then invited his neighbors to a feast in honor of the god Neptune, and while the strangers watched the games, the Romans seized their daughters and carried them off.

As time went on marriage by capture gave place to marriage by purchase which is still in existence among some of our native tribes. At one time an annual marriage market was held at Babylon where every marriageable girl was put up for sale once a year at public auction. The pretty girls naturally found more ready purchasers so the price for the pretty ones was turned into the treasury to be used as a dowry for their less fortunate sisters. The Roman custom was very romantic and more in accord with our nineteenth century ideas. When "two hearts beat as one" and they were ready to make public announcement of the interesting fact they did so in the presence of ten witnesses. Then on the day of the marriage the woman was conducted to the house of her betrothed with a veil over her face and a distaff in her hand. Entering the house, accompanied by three attendants, she placed herself upon a sheepskin rug spread just inside the door and called her future husband who came forward and presented her with the key of his house. Then together they touched fire and water in token of purity and fidelity, and were declared man and wife by the sanction of the gods and the legal authorities.

The practice of jumping a broomstick, as in the marriage of Pacohontas and John Rolf, was, no doubt, short and practical, but will scarcely commend itself to the present generation. In Japan none but blood relations are allowed to witness the ceremony. The bride takes no dowry to her husband except, indeed, amiability and housewifely ability, which constitute the very best dowry any woman can carry to the man she marries.

The Russian marriage feast is rude and boisterous—in accord with the character of the people.

"Unfit for raptures or if raptures cheer,
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire
Till buried in debauch the bliss expire."

In sharp contrast to this is the scene of love and enjoyment at a Dutch wedding.

The ancient Hebrew wedding was a very elaborate and brilliant affair and is often referred to in scripture, illustrating some of the most tender and sacred truths in the Bible.

May these happy events continue as they have been, surrounded with that halo of tenderness and romance which the eternal fitness of things seems to call for.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Great Curling Competition—Successful Carnival—Glorious Weather.

The Christmas of 1893 is a matter of history. The Elkhorn one, while leaving behind recollections of weariness and fatigue through the skating and epicurean dissipation of the occasion, has also left behind pleasant reminiscences that will long linger in the minds of both seniors and juniors. Of course all were unanimously agreed that but for the curling and skating rink, the festive season, apart from the turkey fight, would have been a tame affair. One unusual feature about the occasion however, was the salubrious weather, with which not even the most inveterate croaker could find fault, which induced most of the citizens to turn out to participate in the day's enjoyments.

Beyond the morning's curling match the interest was not very manifest, and beyond a few fellow curlers who turned out to shout for the Irish, who were beaten by the Canadians, few put in an appearance. The former wore green ribbon and the immortal Shamrock, while the Canadians wore 'Tam o'Shanters on their heads, and a maple leaf in their button hole. In the afternoon however, the interest and crowd was greater. About one hundred turned out to see the skating and to yell for the English who were badly beaten by the sons of "broom and heather." In this contest the Scotch wore Tam'o'Shanter and Scotch plaids, while the Englishmen wore plug hats on their heads and had their button holes adorned with the emblamatic rose. But the evening was the climax of the days proceedings, which was a fine opportunity of working off the dissipation of the numerous dinners certain epicures were said to have participated in. First and foremost of course came the play off competition between the Scotch and Canadians for the silver spoon trophy, which every loyal Canadian naturally expected would result in favor of the maple leaf.

Next but not least came the carnival, which owing to the extraordinary fine weather, the holiday season, and probably partly to the bad times, was a greater success than any previous one. To describe the gay scenes and to individualize the galaxy of characters and the variety of faces is beyond our poor pen, and although the costumes in point of excellence of get up were perhaps somewhat inferior to the first carnival given a year ago, yet the display was imposing and very original. The most noticeable character to be seen was the porter at the door, the comic fat man, who could be seen by the short sighted Oxford Don, with mortar board hat and gown, without the assistance of his apparently useless eye glass and as much resembled a blown frog as that corpulent porter at the door resembled our comical friend George. Another Oxford Don for sometime concealed his identification, but was eventually recognized as our popular Methodist minister. Several tramps appeared on the scene as is usual on these occasions, and one more trampish than the rest was labelled with a ticket announcing him as the winner of the third prize, which made Mr. John Evans the happy possessor of a season ticket. Miss Kate Angus in a very neat and effective costume representing Eastern Night, was the winner of the second prize for best costume. Miss M. McLeod was regarded as the best skater in costume and secured first prize. The Indian costume appeared as usual to be the most popular as far as numbers were concerned. Amongst them several of the boys and girls from "Our Indian Homes" appearing in their natural costumes. Mr. Jno. McLeod in his soldier's regalia, well represented a soldier, while four or five of our citizens with their plug hats and walking canes represented the English dude.

In passing we must not omit to mention the excellent costumes of the children, which certainly well deserves mention, especially Ruby Feilde and Bert Johnson. "Mamma's big grown up fat baby boy," in the person of our friend Ned, while not exactly belonging to this group, is more conveniently noticed here than elsewhere. But as our space forbids us particularizing all, we must restrain and wind up by congratulating the costumers on the excellent character of their costumes, and wish those that have not been awarded a prize that they may have instead a Happy New Year.

The Elkhorn string band discoursed sweet music at intervals during the day from the band stand in the centre of the building, and the Indian Home brass band gave an exhibition of their mastery over the big instruments.

The following is a list of the names of those who appeared in costume as far as our reporter was able to procure:

Miss M. McLeod, Stars and Stripes.
Miss A. McLeod, Evening.
Miss K. Angus, Eastern Night
Miss E. Smith, Good Luck.
Miss B. Cavanagh, bride
Miss K. Martin, Queen of Hearts
Miss Feilde, Santa Claus
Mrs. Carwin, Spanish lady
Mr. John McLeod, soldier
Mr. A. Aspinwall, dude
Mr. D. Cavanagh, Jockey
Mr. W. Simington, Indian Chief
Mr. Gilbert, Highlander
Mr. Jas. McLeod, dude.
Mr. G. Broadley, Oxford Don
Mr. B. Clarke, dude
Mr. J. Cole, colored gentleman
Mr. J. Brigham,
Rev. Talbot, Graduate
Mr. Ned Burns, Mamma's fat baby boy
John Evans, tramp
W. J. Thompson, dude

Miss M. McLeod won 1st prize as best skater in costume. (Silver cruet.)

Miss K. Angus won 2nd prize for best costume. (Pair silver plated skates.)

Mr. John Evans won 3rd prize for best comic dress. (Season skating ticket.)

COMMUNICATIONS.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our Correspondents.]

The Barnardo Boys.

To the Editor of the Advocate.

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for your very kind editorial of a few days ago relating to our work in your section of the province. I was somewhat surprised at the apparently unfair and cruel words contained in the presentment of the grand jury at Brandon in November last. However I am now informed that a number if not all the members of this tribunal were under the impression that the young Canadian lad, Hill, of Virden, before them on a charge of murder, was one of our young fellows; if this is the case, these gentlemen were excusable in their rash and unfortunate remarks, for it is not often, I trust, in this land of free schools and industrious missionaries that a Canadian lad is found so ignorant and utterly depraved as the unfortunate poisoner of the late Mr. Greaves appears from his mother's evidence to be. I find you are quite correct in your statements and misdoings of nearly all English lads no matter under whose auspices they have been brought to Canada, are laid upon the doorstep of *Dr. Barnardo*, and this is not to be wondered at owing to the great scope of the work under his direction, and it may be of interest to you to hear that since the inception of the scheme of immigration to Canada a few years ago, nearly 9000 lads and lassies have crossed the Golden Bridge out of darkness as regards a future livelihood, into a country said to offer prospects to industrious youths and an ever ready and hearty welcome to all creditable strangers through the efforts of this practical friend of the poor and his thousands of supporters.

Are these youthful workers wanted in Canada? The people answer this question by pouring into the agencies in Ontario three times as many applications as can be filled from four and five parties of young colonists per year, and the books of the Manitoba Farm show applications during 1893 to the number of four hundred and eighty, while we have been enabled through lack of numbers to supply only eighty of these desirable and trustworthy employers of labor.

I may sum up the situation by saying that our work in this province needs no defender where it is understood, and as a proof that this is true we point out with pride the fact that our warmest friends are our nearest neighbors.

Thanking you again Mr. Editor for your kind and humane view of our position, I beg to remain,

Yours Respectfully,

E. A. STRUTHERS,
Agent for Dr. Barnardo.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Manitoba Farm.
Russell, Dec. 21, 1893.

To the Editor of the Advocate.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your specimen copy of the new ADVOCATE (which I was prevented from acknowledging last week,) and congratulate you upon the character of your initial number, and wish you every success. I was exceedingly pleased also at the roasting you gave the Brandon jury about the Barnardo boys who came in for so much unfavorable criticisms. The percentage of boys that have failed are smaller in comparison to any other society that exists, and considering the class from which they have been rescued, this speaks volumes, and Dr. Barnardo is entitled to our highest regard for the work in which he is engaged. But the treatment that many Barnardo boys receive is sufficient of itself to make an ordinary Englishman or Canadian that was in the least inclined to evil, gravitate in that direction. When these poor slum rescued lads receive equivalent treatment to that of farmers themselves and when the golden rule is used in their training instead of the birch rule, there will be even fewer failures amongst them.

If the same protests were made against this Northwest being used as a dumping ground for those emptied headed, whisky besotted and foul mouthed English dudes who are sent out of the way to save the family disgrace, as there is against these Barnardo boys who are far less criminal as a class than they, we could more easily regard the criticism just than in the present case.

Respectfully Yours,

AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Assiniboine Hills, Dec. 23, 1893.

The Skating Rink,

To the Editor of the Advocate.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me through your columns to enter my protest against the way in which the ice on the skating rink is kept. For the past three or four nights it has been so rough that it is almost impossible for folks to get along on it. I think that Mr. Broadley ought to see that it is looked after a little better, if only from a financial stand point, as I am not the only individual who is kicking, for my kick don't amount to anything, having purchased a season ticket.

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S. S. Warrimoo..............January....16

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WHO WILL BE POPE?

Speculations as to Who Will Succeed Leo XIII.

THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

How it is Divided as to Nationality, Etc.—Chances of War—Interesting Procedure at Elections—Who Are Eligible.

THE feeble health of Leo XIII., the recent changes in the College of Cardinals and the reputed purpose of the German and Austrian emperors to secure if possible the election of a German as the next successor of St. Peter have revived discussion of the probable personality and nationality of the future incumbent of the Papal Throne. The Pope himself is reputed to be anxious about his successor and often speaks of the death which he feels to be near.

The newly created cardinals include several prelates of conspicuous ability, notably Vasgary, Logue, Kopp, Malagola and Guarini, but they derive their chief importance from the fact that their creation restores the balance between the foreign and Italian cardinals which seemed at one time to be menaced.

If we count Lucien Bonaparte, born at Rome, as an Italian, and Thomas Zigliani, born in Corsica, as a Frenchman, there are at present in the Sacred College

25 ITALIANS AND 28 FOREIGNERS.

Of these seven are French, four Spanish, four German, three Austro-Hungarian, two Portuguese, two Polish, two Irish, two North American, one English, and one Belgian. One of the Poles, Ledochowski, is a German subject; the other, Dimajiwsky, an Austrian. The cardinals are nearly all priests, but six cardinals are deacons.

The new cardinals are none of them very young. The Archbishop of Tours is 76, and Logue and Malagola, the two youngest, were born in 1840. While the new nominations have not greatly changed the character of the Sacred College, it will yet be seen from the above that in its attitude toward Italy there has been a change during the past two years. At that time France was in the ascendant, having ten cardinals to represent her, two of them being Lavigerie and Mermellod. France has since then been steadily declining in power of usefulness to her allies, and Germany, Protestant and modern though she be, has risen in the scale. Now France has but seven cardinals instead of ten.

FRANCE'S LOSS GERMANY'S GAIN.

Germany, always earnest and serious, has gained what France has lost. Germany, a Protestant power in Prussia, is Catholic owing to Bavaria and Saxony, and whatever her religion may be she is formidable, and above all she can be counted upon to follow out steadily one line of policy. She is an ally worth having, and the Vatican conciliates her. But while this is true, the reputed purpose of the German and Austrian emperors to secure the choice of a German Pope should be reckoned only by the barest of possibilities. The next Pope may be and doubtless will be friendly to German interests, but unless all signs fail he will not claim a birthplace beyond the Rhine.

The next Pope, like his predecessors for centuries past, will undoubtedly be an Italian, and the question of greatest interest is, Which of the Italian cardinals has the best prospect? An answer depends largely upon the probable political situation of Europe when the next Papal election occurs.

IF WAR DOES NOT COME

the Roman curia will go on "feeding and fondling" its hope of a restoration of the temporal power. If war comes and the Italians are defeated these hopes will be strengthened and emboldened, and in either case the Sacred College will probably choose one of its most uncompromising members.

In these conditions Cardinal Monaco Valetta, a man of great piety and the confidential adviser of Leo XIII., may be chosen. He is a man of apostolic character, simple and loyal, whom the Roman party would accept, probably, with very little difficulty, because he would busy himself principally with spiritual matters, leaving to the Romans all matters relating to the external government of the Church. At any rate, this is the idea that finds expression in Rome in regard to him. Cardinal Monaco is Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, deacon of the Sacred College and secretary to the Holy Office. He is 64 years old, and in the respect of health has the advantage of all his rivals. He is urged for the papacy by those Ultramontanes who prefer to maintain an irreconcilable but passive and expectant attitude rather than to actively seek the interposition of some foreign Catholic power like France or Austria.

FAMOUS ANCESTRY.

Cardinal Monaco was a marquis, and has famous blood in his veins. His family is a branch of the French La Vallettes, whose ancestor was the great knight who, as Grand Master of the Order of Malta, successfully defended Malta against the fierce Sultan Soliman II. The Cardinal is a powerful theologian, and an expert in canonical law. He avoids politics, and used to boast that he never read newspapers. There is no stronger figure in the Catholic Church than he.

Another conspicuous candidate is Cardinal Battaglini, the Archbishop of Bologna. He is 68 years old and somewhat of an invalid, but he is supported by the moderates, who do not insist on the restitution of the whole patrimony of Peter, but might content themselves with the concession of the so-called Leonine City, together with a strip of territory giving it access to the sea.

Cardinal Battaglini was born in St. Agostino di Piano seventy years ago. There is no cardinal who more resembles the present Pope in temperament and ideas. He is of an exceedingly affectionate nature, and is greatly

DISTRESSED AT THE BITTERNESS

A third prominent candidate is Cardinal Parrochi, President of the College of Cardinals. Still under 60, he is clear-headed, erudite and sagacious, and is noted for an enterprising spirit, which might resort to vigorous and even aggressive measures for the rehabilitation of the Papacy. He would, no doubt, obtain the votes of the ten French cardinals, for he makes no secret of his sympathy for France and of his dislike for Germany and Austria. This very fact, however, would be likely to array against him not only the moderates, but also the timid and irresolute members of the Ultramontane party, who shrink from a violent struggle with the Quirinal, and would rather bear the ills they have than fly to others that they know not of. When Archbishop of Bologna he had such reputation as an intransigeant or anti-conciliation man that the Government refused to give him possession of the archiepiscopal palace and revenues of the archdiocese. He made a bold effort to secure the exequatur, but failed. The Pope, recognizing the situation, transferred him to Rome. He was made a prince of the Church in 1877, when only 44 years old.

OTHERS WHO ARE ELIGIBLE.

Other names often mentioned in connection with the the papal succession are those of Cardinals Alimonda, San Felice and Vannutelli. The first named is a venerable man and an able prelate. Being Archbishop of Turin, the birthplace of Victor Emanuel, he is on friendly terms with members of the House of Savoy, and is consequently inclined to take a liberal view of the Sardinian offences against the Vatican. This is the one thing that is apt to weaken his position as a candidate. San Felice is Archbishop of Naples, and is fairly worshipped by his people. This gentle and saintly man turned out to be a hero when the cholera ravaged Naples. He went about fearlessly among the dying and dead, working night and day. He exhausted his private fortune on them and sold his jeweled crosier in order to help the poor. There are two points against Cardinal San Felice—his age and his well known liberal views. Vannutelli has recently developed considerable strength. He has been Papal Nuncio to Vienna, is friendly to Austria, and, moreover, is a

LEARNED AND HIGHLY ESTEEMED

prelate.

These named comprise the list of present prominent candidates for the Papacy. But it is quite possible that when the time for an election comes none of them will be chosen. Reputedly strong candidates for the honors of Sovereign Pontiff have a strange habit of disappearing as time goes by, and the Italians have a popular saying that the man who goes into the consistory as a Pope generally comes out of it a Cardinal. The present Pontiff was never discussed as a candidate before his election. Should a general European war be raging when the next Papal election is held, it is not impossible that an American prelate may be chosen Pope, and the late Cardinal Lavigerie is said shortly before his death to have expressed the conviction that Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, would succeed Leo XIII. on the Papal throne.

AN INTERESTING PROCEDURE.

The procedure attending the choice of a new Pope is full of interest. There was a time when the election of the supreme head of the Church was vested in the Cardinal Bishop, "with the consent of the other cardinals and clergy and people of Rome, saving also the honor due to the King of the Romans." But this recognition of a kingly and imperial right to interfere with the Papal elections was the cause of endless troubles. It proved to be a fertile source of anti-Popes and other vexations, and finally became so intolerable that Alexander III. took away from the imperial line the *locus standi* in Papal elections, and a general council later on, held at the Lateran, decreed the election should henceforth rest "with the cardinals alone." This Lateran decree was confirmed and developed at the council at Lyons, presided over by Pope Gregory X., and in all substantial features of the discipline then laid down still obtains in all Papal elections.

The immediate body or convention which chooses the head of the Church is called a conclave; the building or hall in which such convention is held is also designated by the same name—conclave.

THE ELECTION OF A POPE

must begin ten days after the death of the last incumbent. It is provided that the election shall neither be delayed nor precipitated; that the electors shall be in no fear for their personal safety, and that they must not be subjected to any external persuasion in casting their vote. Immediately upon the death of a Pope one of the secretaries of the Sacred College notifies each Cardinal of the Pontiff's demise and summons him to the city in which the Pope breathed his last. The election must take place in the same city where the death occurs. Should Leo XIII. go to Madrid for an asylum, as has been recently mooted, and die there, the conclave to elect his successor would therefore be held in Madrid. Within ten days the conclave must be constructed in the Vatican at Rome, or some other suitable building if it be held in another city.

HOLDING THE CONCLAVE.

On the tenth day solemn mass is said, at the conclusion of which the cardinals form in procession and march to the conclave. The conclave is open to the public during the whole of the first day, and friends of the electors are permitted to visit them. At 9 o'clock that evening the conclave is closed; everybody is turned out except the cardinals and their immediate attendants, and no visitors are allowed to enter the portals again until the election of a Pope has been declared. The conclave is under the absolute charge of two guardians. One of these is a prelate of high standing, previously selected by the Sacred College, and is called the governor. The other is a prominent layman whose official appellation is marshal. Each cardinal is allowed to have two members of his resident household in personal attendance upon him. A number of other attendants and minor officials are also there in the common service of the conclave, including a sacrist, a monk or friar to hear confessions, two or three barbers, eight or ten porters and a number of messengers. But one entrance to the building is allowed to remain open, and that is in charge of prelatic officials. They must exercise a strict surveillance over everybody going in or out and prevent the entrance of unauthorized persons. They must also examine the food brought for the cardinals, for the purpose of preventing outside communication with them through this channel.

Three days after the commencement of the conclave, if no result has been obtained, the supply of food is restricted. The rule used to prevail that if at the end of five days no election had been made the cardinals were compelled to subsist upon bread, wine and water. But during the last half century the rigor of this rule has been much abated and modified. Every morning and evening the cardinals meet in the chapel, and a secret scrutiny by means of voting papers is instituted, so as to ascertain if any candidate has obtained the required majority of two-thirds.

Etiquette in the 'Simmon Country.

When two young people are hunting persimmons the girl should not taste a green one, because this is a standing dare to her masculine admirer.—*Galveston News*.

"See here, you," said the wayfarer to the beggar, "I gave you a quarter yesterday because you said you were blind, and here I find you reading a newspaper." "That's all right," said the beggar: "I am color-blind."

What many New York housewives long for, according to the *Herald*, is a company that will call for dirty dishes twice a day, wash them and return them without chipping or getting them mixed with those of other persons, and do it at a reasonable price.

TRAINING GERMAN SOLDIERS.

The Arduous Duties of the Non-Commissioned Officer.

HOW PEASANTS ARE "SET UP."

The Course of Sprouts a Recruit is Put Through—First Lessons—Learning the Step—Accoutrements—Minute Care in Teaching.

THE average non-commissioned officer in the German army has very little resemblance to a sculptor at first sight, and the good man himself would be more astonished than any if one should attribute to him artistic proclivities. And yet if he would but stop and think—that is, when the occupation of training recruits leaves him time and temper sufficient for the effort of thinking—he might at least compare his position to that of the workman in the marble shop, who forms the block into the reproduction of the clay model from the studio.

The difference is that the corporal's marble having, occasionally, a will of its own, is the more difficult to handle.

The work of hammering, chiseling and polishing the raw recruit into the trained soldier, the man with an individuality, however slight, into a mere unit, a part of the most perfect fighting machine in the world, is sufficiently complicated, and, in the minds of those in authority, sufficiently important to engage the time, and mental and physical strength of hundreds of educated men, who, in my limited unmilitary opinion, might be doing something better. Still, be that as it may, the operation in itself, the personal training of each soldier, which in the German army is brought to the highest development, is interesting enough to warrant a minute description, and certainly the result is worthy our admiration as a work of art, whatever the color of our political opinions.

THE RAW RECRUIT

is equally "raw" all over the world. I suppose, but having seen a few batches here, I can imagine the sinking of heart experienced by the officer in charge as his eyes wander over the unpromising array. The best and most intelligent men are selected for the guard, and come to Berlin: as the samples sent to the smaller Provincial garrisons must be discouraging to those whose duty it is to form these uncouth blocks into shape. But the work is there, it must be done, and it is done with a thoroughness and celerity truly remarkable. In three months' time the unkempt peasant youth is transformed into the trim, jaunty soldier, with his well-fitting uniform, his erect carriage and elastic step, and his joyous sense of his wonderfully increased importance.

The captain parcels off his batch of recruits—from 50 to 60 are allotted to each company yearly—into divisions of 12 to 15 each, under the immediate charge of non-commissioned officers, each of whom has for an assistant a private of at least two years' terms of service.

FIRST LESSONS OF THE RECRUIT.

The infantry recruits are brought up in the spring, those for the cavalry and artillery in autumn. Twelve weeks is the usual time allotted for the training of the infantrymen before he enters the ranks, and, if for any one man this time is found insufficient, he may be kept out for the next batch, as the appearance of the regiment must not be spoiled by a single awkward carriage or a moment's dilatoriness in manœuvering. The subdivision of the squad, giving to each corporal and his assistant never more than six men apiece, who are under their charge day and night, allows that personal study and training of each man, which is the only sure method to attain perfect evenness in the regiment.

When the recruit has been combed and scraped into shape sufficiently to be put into the first simple working uniform of white duck, his training begins. And oh! how much there is for him to learn! First of all, order and punctuality, and implicit obedience, and then his day is portioned off for him, and every hour has its duty, its rigid law to which he must bend or break. The

DIVISION OF DAILY LABOR

differs in various garrisons, in various regiments, but the substance is the same, from 4 to 4½ hours of drilling on the barrack grounds, and later in the open country, one hour of oral theoretical instruction, and one hour for instruction in cleaning buttons, belt, etc., in cleaning the various parts of the musket, and in keeping uniform and accoutrements in proper order. The drilling, cleaning, mending, etc., are taught by the non-commissioned officers under the supervision of a lieutenant, who must make report to the captain. The theoretical instruction on military tactics, duties of the soldier, history of famous wars and army statistics, fall in turn to the corporal, the lieutenant or the captain, according to the importance and difficulty of the subject. In spite of slight diversities, the methods employed by officers who rank as authorities are sufficiently similar to enable us to sketch out a plan by which we may follow our recruit through his daily hours of work, through the trials he must undergo, before the stamp of completion is awarded the statue which has cost so many weary hours of chiseling.

When our hero has passed the informal inspection at the hands of his corporal, that he may appear worthily in the regular general inspection later on, the first lesson begins. This is from seven to eight, the hour for cleaning accoutrements and learning the various parts of the musket, which, however, is not put into his hands until he knows it thoroughly, and until a week or more of drilling has taught him

TO FORGET HIS LIMBS

and to hold himself easily and naturally erect. Then comes a short pause, then the signal for drill. The drill the first week consists of light calisthenics to loosen the muscles of the various motions that make up the famous army step, and of the simplest general exercises, such as forming the line, marching in line (but without the trained step), and turning on count. Each man exercises alone the line is formed in each division by itself, so that every man receives personal attention. The first week the first simple military greeting, drawing up before a superior, etc., are taught, and these slight rudiments are repeated again and again each day with painful care. The sight of the recruit balancing on one foot, then on the other, or from toe to heel, like a pupil in the dancing school, is decidedly amusing for the passer-by, but means hard work for teacher and pupil. Two to two and a half hours' drill in the morning and two hours in the afternoon is the usual quantum, then later towards evening, comes the hour of oral instruction, which, when the mental status of the average recruit is considered, is the most difficult of all and most taxes the teacher's temper and talent.

The first week a short time is allotted for practice in aiming, the second week the holding of the musket is taught, but the drill is held alternately with and without musket, and the movements become stiffened with the additional weight. Each portion of the step, the holding of each part of the body during the march, is taught separately, and not until each man has mastered these details are they allowed to march even two by two.

MINUTE CARE IN TEACHING.

Each division and subdivision makes its exercises, its march, its turning and forming entirely by itself, and the officer in charge wanders from one to the other, keeping a sharp lookout on every minutest detail.

The third week, the greeting of various superiors, combined with the proper holding of the musket, is added to the list, raising and lowering of the weapon and gymnastics of a more difficult and violent order supplement the simple calisthenics. About the third or fourth week the recruits are led into the open country, at first merely as spectators of regimental manœuvers, which they must explain or describe on their return. Then they learn

TO MEASURE DISTANCE

in the open air, to seek cover to overcome obstacles, and all the exercises with the musket are repeated in the training of the sharpshooter. The gymnastics are continued until the whole body is supple and tough, and by sensible training soon hardened to wind and weather. Little by little the exercises are taken in groups of increasing size, but at the slightest sign of faltering in a single man the whole training is recapitulated.

About the seventh week the bayonet is introduced, and in the tenth, the divisions are formed for one hour a day into regimental order, for the simple drill. By the following week the watch and sentry service is taught, the recruit accompanies the watch to learn the formula for changing, and in the last week of his training stands sentry for half an hour daily to learn the various presentings and greetings due the passing officer for varying grades.

Each detail has been practiced again and again, and when the day for the general inspector comes, when the captain and later the colonel pass judgment on the "finished" scholar, it is a weighty moment for pupil and teacher alike. Then our recruit enters his regiment in regular form and his heart swells with joy and self-importance as he feels himself the bulwark of his company's safety.

A CORN SET.

Something New and Handsome in Table ware.

The very latest development of table decoration is the corn set, which should be appreciated and used as long as the toothsome vegetable remains in market. The set consists of a platter and twelve plates, all ornamented with the corn, its ears and its stalks. Besides being remarkably handsome and of choice ware, the set serves the excellent purpose of making corn a separate service. We Americans are far too prone to serve many things at one time, and corn, which in its perfection is a delectable dish, deserves better things at our hands. The new and beautiful sets, therefore, are to be welcomed as gastronomic successes quite as well as for their decorative worth.

Big Harbor Works in Italy.

Engineering works of considerable magnitude are to be commenced in connection with the harbor of Palermo, Italy. One of the principal objects in view in the general laying out of the whole scheme is to separate the different branches of traffic, and to allot to each a certain amount of water space or landing accommodation as may be required. Goods for export and import will be relegated to the respective quays provided for them, while the coasting and local trading vessels will have proper berths assigned for them. It will be necessary, in furtherance of these improvements, to construct a landing wharf about a mile in length, with a maximum depth of water of 23 feet, as well as a smaller one a quarter of a mile in length for ships of shallower draught. Two large warehouses covering an acre of ground and other buildings for the storage of merchandise form part of the works.

A Story of Count D'Orsay.

A story going the rounds is one told of the famous Count d'Orsay. On the occasion of his first visit to England, while he was very young, very handsome, and not easily disconcerted, he chanced to be seated at dinner next to the brilliant and singular Lady Holland.

That remarkable and many-sided woman was in, as it happened, one of her imperious humors, and her young neighbor soon felt its weight. She dropped her napkin; the Count picked it up gallantly; then her fan, then her fork, then her glass, and as often as her neighbor stooped and restored the lost article. At last, however, the patience of the youth gave way, and on her dropping her napkin again, he turned and called one of the footmen behind him. "Put my plate on the floor," said he. "I will finish my dinner there; it will be so much more convenient to my Lady Holland."

Wanted the Coin.

James Alexander, better known as Deacon Alexander, was a blacksmith, and a deacon of the Hammermen Incorporation in Glasgow. I happened to be present in his smithy when a customer entered to get a lock repaired. The deacon spent fully half an hour in putting the lock in working order. On the completion of the job, the customer, thinking it but a trifling matter, thanked the smith very politely, and was passing out of the door when the smith, in peremptory tones, recalled him. Re-entering, the smith handed him a hammer and a nail. "But," exclaimed the astonished customer, "what am I to dae wi' these, deacon?" "Why," replied the deacon, with mock politeness, and pointing at the wall, "nail your thanks there an' pay me saxpence."

Question and Answer.

A rector of Eltham once gave out the words, "Who art thou?" and as he paused for a moment an officer in uniform, who had just entered church, suddenly halted, and, taking the question as personal, promptly replied: "Sir, I am the recruiting officer of the Sixteenth Foot, and, having my wife and daughter with me, should be glad to make the acquaintance of the clergy and gentry of the neighborhood."—*Temple Bar*.

"You are an expert barber, I understand?" "Yes, sir. Tell me what your business is and I will fashion your beard and hair so as to suit it." "All right; go ahead. I am employed in a restaurant." "Then, of course, you must have mutton chop whiskers."

FLED WITH HIS CHARMER.

A Young Wife Skips With an Old Wife's Older Husband.

SIXTY-FIVE AND TWENTY-THREE.

They Ran Away to Canada and Hoped to Meet Their Partners in Heaven—The Young Husband Insulted.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Nov.

A WEALTHY and influential old farmer of the quiet little village of Otselic, Chenango County, has eloped with a buxom young married woman who was visiting in the vicinity. A heart-broken wife mourns the old man's departure and an enraged young husband swears vengeance on the fleeing pair.

Deloss Hicks had been a resident of Otselic for many years and has amassed a very substantial fortune. His wife, a true helpmate, has done her full share toward providing the means with which to enjoy a pleasant old age. Some months ago an attractive young married woman from an adjoining county made her appearance in the community on a visit. She remained for several weeks with relatives and friends, in the meantime visiting at the home of Farmer Hicks. Here she received a cordial welcome and was strongly urged to repeat the visit before returning home, if possible, but her husband unexpectedly arrived one day and the young woman was persuaded to return home with him soon after.

Last week the residents of South Otselic were surprised to see the young woman in town again, but nothing more was thought of it until the startling announcement was made that Farmer Hicks had sold one of his farms and stock, drawn his money from the bank and left the country with the young woman. Hicks' wife was not aware of her husband's unfaithfulness until she received a letter from him the day after his departure. It was very brief and read as follows:

DEAR MARY.—I have left one farm for you and gone to Canada. Meet me in Heaven.
Your DELOSS.

The husband of the eloping woman was also favored with a notification of her departure as follows:

DEAR FRANK,—You may be surprised to hear what I have done, but I cannot help it. I have gone to Canada with another man and probably shall never see you again on this earth. Bear it bravely. CARRIE.

Although the people of South Otselic were not aware of the fact, it is now believed Hicks and the young woman had been intimate for some time and had contemplated the elopement for weeks.

The young woman's husband is so enraged that it would not be safe for either of the elopers to cross his path. "If a woman wants to leave a man, let her go," said he to an acquaintance. "But why add insult to injury and send such a note as I received?"

The young woman, whose name is Anderson, formerly resided with her husband in a pleasant home near Richfield Springs, and the couple were thought to be living agreeably until after the woman's first visit to Otselic. Mrs. Anderson is 23 years old and Farmer Hicks 65. Nothing has been heard of the runaways since their letters were received last Tuesday.

The Secret of Happiness.

Jock Taylor and Janet, his wife, were on bad terms—they had been so for three weeks. They sat apart, one at each side of the fireplace, and sulked, neither uttering a word the whole night, excepting, indeed, to snarl at or find fault with one another. Their sole family consisted of two—a dog and a cat. These two humble creatures lived together in perfect happiness. They played and frisked with mutual good nature from morning till night. Well, Janet was very unhappy at the state of affairs, and, one night when the dog and cat were playing together, Janet ventured to say: "Dae ye ken, Jock, I hae been thinkin' thae twa dumb brutes micht gie us a lesson. They crack an' play wi' each ither frae mornin' till nicht, an' we sit here the hale nicht an' never say a kind word to yin anither. Noo, I think we micht be happier." "Indeed," growled Jock, "dae ye think sae? They micht weel be happy, they are free; but tie them thegither, an' see hoo they'll get on!"

No Objections to Him.

For many years the Baptist community of Dunfermline was presided over by brother David Dewar, a plain, honest, straightforward man, who never hesitated to express his convictions, however unpalatable they might be to others. Being elected a member of the Prison Board, he was called upon to give his vote in the choice of a chaplain from the licentiates of the Established Kirk. The party who had gained the confidence of the Board had proved rather an indifferent preacher in a charge to which he had previously been appointed, and on David being asked to signify his assent to the choice of the Board, he said: "Weel, I've no objections to the man, for I understand he has preached a kirk toom (empty) already, and if he be as successful in the jail, he'll maybe preach it vacant as weel."

He Wished For Her.

They were dining off fowl in a restaurant. "You see," he explained, as he showed her the wishbone, "you take hold here. Then we must both make a wish and pull, and when it breaks the one who has the bigger part of it will have his or her wish gratified."

"But I don't know what to wish for," she protested.

"Oh, you can think of something," he said.

"No, I can't," she replied; "I can't think of anything I want very much."

"Well, I'll wish for you!" he exclaimed.

"Will you, really?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then, there's no use fooling with the old wishbone," she interrupted with a glad smile, "you can have me."

The People's Name For the Fair.

We hear nobody calling it the Columbian Exposition. That title fell into disfavor the very moment it was adopted by the authorities. The people never would have it. It is the World's Fair, and it will continue to be called the World's Fair in spite of the sesquipedalian wiseacres whose talents seem to lie in the direction of unpopularity.—*Chicago Record*.

Excited Husband (rushing in with a telegram)—Claribel, an old uncle of mine has died and left me a fortune of $100,000! Joyful Wife—I am so glad, Henry! We can get a new clothes basket now, can't we?

"OLD GRIMES."

A Famous Ballad That Was in High Favor a Generation Ago.

Though 50 years old or more, and familiar to nearly every American, probably there are few persons, says the Providence *Journal*, who know that the song of "Old Grimes is Dead" was written by a Rhode Islander. He was Albert G. Greene, author of several other songs, known scarcely at all by this generation. It will interest those who have heard only the opening lines of "Old Grimes" to see how far the "appreciation" of his inward grace and outward mien is carried in the original:

OLD GRIMES.

"Old Grimes is dead; that good old man
We never shall see more;
He used to wear a long, black coat
All buttoned down before.

"His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

"Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

"Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

"He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind;
His pantaloons were blue.

"Unharmed, the sin, which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

"But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears his fortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest;
The stripes ran up and down.

"He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its modest desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

"His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

"His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view—
Nor make a noise, town-meeting days,
As many people do.

"His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances;
But lived (as all his brothers do),
In easy circumstances.

"Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman."

New Jersey manufactures more silk than any other State in the Union.

Wild geese, in their triangular method of flying, are doubtless the real originators of the football wedge.

New York's farm lands are valued at $1,056,000,000, and they produce an annual crop worth $178,000,000.

The Old Testament speaks of the law and the prophets. So does the modern client, only he spells it differently.

Daughter—Papa, don't you think I ought to have my own voice cultivated? Papa—I think you ought to have something done to it.

A cheque for $26,665,250,000 on the Bank of England, in payment for the Kimberly diamond mines, is said to be the largest ever drawn.

A lady physician attends the Queen of Corea, and receives pay at the rate of $15,000 a year. When the Queen is sick the salary stops.

"Didn't Miss Harkins look blooming last night?" said Chappie. "Yes. A little too blooming for a bud—don't you think?" insinuated Ethel.

The largest fish caught in the Columbia river this season was a sturgeon that weighed 755 pounds. It was nearly eleven and a half feet long.

Woman Cross Examiner—In what year were you born? Woman Witness—The same year as yourself. Woman Cross Examiner—Witness excused.

It is estimated that under favorable condition a heavy clap of thunder can be heard a distance of twenty-seven miles. Lightning is visible five times as far.

Pamphlets owe their name to Pamphela, a Greek lady, who left behind her a number of scrap-books containing notes, receipts, anecdotes and memoranda.

The building with the greatest altitude is the Alpine Club House on Mount Rosa, in the Alps. Its foundation stones are exactly 12,000 feet above the sea level.

It is estimated that the richest of civilized people are the English, with $1,236 per capita. In France the average is said to be $1,192, in the United States $1,029.

Excluding about 62,000 small craft, the commerce of the world is carried on by 45,000 vessels of 20,500,000 registered tons, with a carrying capacity of 48,000,000.

Sailor—What is the last word spoken after a tank steamer has taken on her cargo and is prepared to go to sea? Captain—Why, you land-lubber, "Oil aboard!" of course.

About 600 to 1,000 bolts are used in a single freight car, and about 1,000 are required for a first-class passenger car, in addition to the 800 required in two good six-wheel trucks.

Great Britain and her colonies have 27,906 ships of all kinds; France has 15,278; Germany, 2,635; Russia, 4,406; Italy, 6,810; United States, 22,623; the world, 107,137.

"My friend," said the solemn old gentleman, "to what end has your life-work been directed?" "To the head end," murmured the barber, and then silence fairly poured. It didn't merely reign.

First burglar—Let's quit this business and become reformers. Second—I'm a reformer now. First—Come off! Second—Yes, I am; a chloroformer. (And he proceeded to saturate the sponge as the victim slept.

Arranging Details.—Ringmaster—Wha' that making such an infernal racket by the snake case? Chore Boy—Oh, jes' de snake charmer; she an' de boss is disputin' about what 'ospital she's ter go to when de boa constrictor bites her dis afternoon.

Mrs. Lafferty (visitor)—Your daughter has a foine touch, Mrs. Moriarity. Mrs. M.—Yis, so they do be tellin' me; an' sure 'tis no wonther, for she loves pianny, an' niver tires of it; she has a great taste for music; but then that's only natural, for her gran'father hed his skull laid open wid a cornet at a timperance picnic.

Liliuokalani had been moody. "I don't care!" she exclaimed after a long silence. "It's real mean." "What is real mean, your Majesty?" "For them to linger along this way about my deposition." "About which, your Majesty?" "About grabbing on to my throne. If they had to do it, they might at least have seteled it before the Midway museums shut up."

Japanese daily newspapers cost from $[illegible] to $25 a year. Probably their small circulation makes it necessary to put prices to the top notch. Several are printed in English and are said to be very satisfactory publications. The World's Fair was [illegible] on and by special correspondents in Chicago, while every time an American mail arrives a very good synopsis of the news is printed.

UNCLE SAM'S CASH.

Where it is Kept and How the Millions are Guarded.

VISITING THE TREASURY.

Armed Men on Guard—The Watchmen's Duties—To Enter the Vault—Counting the Money—Millions in Gold and Silver.

IT may be interesting to many, says a Washington correspondent, to know how Uncle Sam protects the millions in his charge, and keeps them circulating throughout the country, and protects the millions which come in and go out from the Treasury Department every day, from those inside and outside of the great building, from which issues the financial current supplying the outside world of business.

If you pass up Fifteenth street between 6 and 9 a. m. or between 4 and 5 p. m. you will probably see backed up to the pavement one or two of the wagons of the United States Express Company unloading or loading the large sums of money which are handled by the company every day. This company alone acts as the messenger boy of Uncle Sam, and all of the money brought into the Treasury Department or carried out is handled by it. When I say money I do not refer to the National Bank notes or the United States Bank notes, which are brought from the bureau of engraving and printing at the rate of over a million dollars a day, as these notes are not complete money. The National Bank notes have to be signed by the officials of the banks for which they are printed before they become money, and the United States Bank notes require the printing on them of the United States seal before they become money, and this is done at the Treasury Department, so that the real money is all handled by the United States Express Company.

The wagons are large and strongly built and surmounted by

A LARGE IRON CAGE.

The money sent out of the treasury department is all packed in strong safes. These are wheeled out on the pavement in trucks like those used by the railway employees. A heavy planking extends from the pavement into the wagon (forming an incline plane), the safe is tilted from the truck upon the incline plane, ropes and pulleys are attached, several men pull, push and lift, and the safes are in this manner loaded into the wagon. When the loading is complete, one armed man goes inside and the strong iron doors are closed and locked. Other armed men mount the driver's seat, and the wagon starts down F street for the railway station at a lively pace. These wagons have the right of way; they never stop or permit themselves to become involved in a jam of vehicles. The people in Washington know the custom, and always give these treasure laden vans the right of way, and all the way they want.

If you enter the treasury department by any of the entrances, either on the ground or main floor, you will notice that a watchman is stationed at every door. If you enter between 9 a. m. and 2 p. m. nothing will be said to you, but if you attempt to enter after 2 p. m. you will be denied admittance, for the department is closed at that hour to visitors. The rules about admittance after 2 p. m. are very strict.

If you enter the treasury department and visit the office of the captain of the watch, you will notice on the side of the office three large cases. Two of these cases contain breech-loading rifles, and the centre case contains a large quantity of heavy revolvers. These are

USED IN ARMING THE FORCE

of 63 watchmen who day and night are on guard to keep watch over the building and the great vaults in which the money is stored. The watchmen are all armed with revolvers, and there are rifles enough to equip the whole force of watchmen in case of a riot or assault.

Of course something must be done to insure the faithful discharge of the watchman's duties, and looking to this end some are detailed as patrolmen, who patrol the entire building at stated intervals to see that the watchmen are at their posts. In addition to this, each watchman is required to report his presence every half hour by means of an electric button which registers his report in the main corridor at the Fifteenth street entrance, by ringing a gong and dropping an indicator. The apparatus is similar to that in use in hotels for the convenience of guests when they want to call the bell boys. As the bell rings and the indicator shows the number of the post from which the report is made, the watchman on duty in this corridor records the report on a daily report page for this purpose, which is daily inspected by the captain of the watch.

In addition to these methods of keeping watch over the watchmen, the captain of the watch is liable to put in an appearance at any hour, and as he is in the habit of coming when least expected, neglect of duty is rare. Most of the watchmen are old soldiers, who learned their first lessons in obedience at a much sterner school. Outside the treasury other watchmen are on patrol duty during the entire night, so that any one who may be on the lookout for a chance to inspect Uncle Sam's strong box will find every avenue of approach thoroughly and securely guarded.

IF YOU ARE ON A BRIDAL TOUR

you will want to go down to the vault where the vast amount of silver is stored, not because there is much to see, but because it seems to be a regular thing to do. The average number of visitors each month is 7,000. First, you must obtain permission from the Treasurer of the United States, Mr. Daniel N. Morgan. When this has been obtained you are escorted down two flights of stairs into the sub-basement, where the walls are very thick and the corridor very narrow. Here you halt before a heavy grated door, behind which a watchman sits day and night. Of course the watch is changed every eight hours, but a watchman is always on duty. The messenger directs the watchman to open the door, and you step inside the corridor leading to the great vault where are stored 100,000,000 silver dollars.

To enter the vault, one must first pass the great door, with its multiplicity of combination locks and time locks. Beyond this is a heavy steel door weighing over six tons, which is rolled into place by a windlass and securely locked. Beyond this is the great silver vault which is 89 feet long and 51 feet wide and 12 feet high. Around the outer side of this vault is a corridor about three feet wide, which extends clear around the inner vault, which is composed of steel lattice work, strongly riveted together, and which securely holds the millions within.

But even through this steel lattice work you cannot see the white metal which is stored away. All that can be seen is a long row of wooden boxes which are piled up tier upon tier, from the floor of the vault to the ceiling. All around the sides and lining the central corridor of the vault these boxes are two tiers deep and form a large room on either side of the central aisle of the vault. Inside these two rooms formed by the rows of boxes the silver is

STORED AWAY IN BAGS,

$1,000 in a bag, the weight of which is sixty pounds; the boxes each hold two bags, so that a box of silver weighs 120 pounds, exclusive of the weight of the box.

If some kind friend would call away the watchman always on duty behind his grated door, and give you a complete assortment of burglar's tools and tell you to help yourself, you would have to cut your way through the grated iron door from the outside corridor, and next break open the huge door with its burglar-proof and time lock attachment, then cut your way through an immense steel door six inches thick and weighing over six tons, and then cut through the steel lattice work surrounding the boxes of silver. This work would take you hours to perform, and then you would not be able to carry away over two bags of silver, or 120 pounds, so the trouble would hardly pay for the labor, for it would not be a fortune by any means.

But this is not all the silver that Uncle Sam has in his strong box. At the right hand of the silver vault is the door of another vault in which some of the gold and silver are stored. In this vault are kept the dimes, quarters and half-dollars. Forty-eight millions of this money and $100,000,000 in gold are kept in this vault, while in the department of the comptroller of the currency are stored all the Government bonds deposited by the national banks as a security for their circulation, and in other vaults are kept the United States treasury notes. In another is the supply of money used by the cashier of the United States in the daily banking operations of the cash room, which acts as a feeder not only to the banks of Washington, but to the banks of the United States at large.

While the secretary of the treasury is in a general way considered the representative of the Government in financial matters, still the treasurer of the United States is direct custodian of Uncle Sam's gold and silver.

THE PRESENT TREASURER,

Mr. D. N. Morgan, is one of the most popular officials in the Government's service, and hosts of clerks holding subordinate positions can draw from him valuable lessons in courtesy and politeness.

In personal appearance Mr. Morgan reminds you of the bright lawyer or banker. His dress is neat and modest, his address is polite, but not patronizing, he is of medium height, square-shouldered, hair just a little tinged with gray, eyes are bright but kindly, and he listens to you with a manner that leads you to feel that he is interested in you and what you have to say.

Although it is believed that, with all the watchfulness with which the gold and silver are guarded, none of the contents of the huge vaults can be stolen; nevertheless with each change of the treasurer, all of Uncle Sam's money is carefully counted, so that the incoming treasurer will only be held responsible for such money as is turned over to him during his term of office.

When the Democratic party came in power in 1885, a careful count of all the money was made, and the books and money balanced exactly; when the Republican party came in power in 1889 the count was found to be exactly what the books showed it to be in the vaults, and upon the turning over of the treasury to the treasurer, the money was again counted and found to be correct.

Of course every one has seen estimates of the length of time would be occupied in counting a million. The query is probably contained in nearly all of the arithmetics and books of puzzle now in existence, but

UNCLE SAM'S MILLIONS ARE COUNTED

more rapidly than one would naturally expect, although it usually takes ten expert counters nearly three months to find out how many dollars and cents Uncle Sam has on hand.

Of course, each silver dollar is not counted, neither is each gold piece. A bag of silver contains 1,000 silver dollars and should weigh 60 pounds, so in counting the money a bag of silver is placed on the scales, and, if up to weight, the bag is counted as $1,000, but if the silver dollars have lost in weight by the wear of circulation, then the bag is opened and every dollar counted, so that there will be no possibility of a mistake.

During the recent count of the money in the silver vault, in addition to the ten clerks detailed as counters, 20 laborers were detailed to handle the bags of silver and carry them to the weighers and return them to their proper places. As soon as one vault is finished the vault is locked and sealed, so that when the last vault has been properly counted and the exact amount determined upon, the treasurer is ready, if his bond has been filed and passed as satisfactory, to enter on the discharge of his duties.

An Essence for an Epicure.

For the benefit of those who are at a distance from a house, kitchen or a restaurant, a distinguished French chemist has patented the essence of all things that, united, compose a menu for the most fastidious epicure. The person using the patent must be supplied with a sufficient number of small rolls, then from the flacons of essences poured on the bread he can procure the exact flavor of a fine soup, followed by an essence of salmon, then by various essences of entrees, and, finally, with an essence of plum-pudding, on his bit of bread. A flacon containing a necessary quantity of "culinary imaginativeness" seems necessary.

The Title of Emir.

Emir is not properly a title, but a descriptive word. Correctly used, it is applied only to descendants of the prophet, all of whom are styled Emir, just as the title honorable is applied to the people of a certain race by birth in England. Emirs are now found among Turkish and Arab people of every rank and class in life. Every one who can prove his descent from the prophet is entitled to wear green in some portion of his costume, the turban being usually chosen for this sign of rank. The claim to the title is considered far more satisfactory where traced back through the female ancestry.

His Time Wasted.

"I'm sorry Charley got knocked out in the song last night."

"Yes; it has a tendency to put him in the rear again."

"That isn't the worst of it. He's been studying the part of Hamlet for two years—and now he can't go on the stage."

Mrs. Kitty Huddleston-Coyle, her mother, Mrs. Huddleston, and husband, Olens Coyle, who were on trial for infanticide at Pittsburg, have been acquitted. The case caused a sensation on account of the wealth and standing of the defendants.

AT A PARAGUAYAN DINNER.

The Queer Food and Queerer Customs of an Estancia.

SOME VERY ODD OATHS.

ANNY B WARD writing from down in Paraguay, says: Arrived at the estancia—which, by the way, rejoices under the jaw-breaking title of "Gauzu-Caphuyan"—and cantering through the front door of the casa to dismount, according to custom, in the patio, our olfactories were greeted with the welcome odor of supper, already steaming upon the table. Evidently we were expected to sit down to it at once, but gained our host's reluctant consent to shake off an outer coating of the day's dust and wash our travel-stained hands and faces. Then, repairing hastily to the comedor (dining-room) we found our impatiently-awaiting entertainers already seated upon benches around the festive board. The pine table was neatly covered with white oil-cloth, and at each place (plates there were none) was an enormous wooden spoon, which would hold, perhaps, half a pint; while in the centre smoked a great dish of jerked beef, with small apples, slices of pumpkins, beans, garbanzos and various other edibles, stewed with and piled around it. Small gourds of Chili sauce, made from ripe tomatoes and small green peppers, were scattered about; roast mandioca root answered for bread, and a huge mug of cana rum circulated

FROM MOUTH TO MOUTH.

We made an excellent supper, omitting the rum, with less difficulty than might be imagined from the absence of plates and cutlery, each filling his big spoon once or twice from the general supply of the central platter, occasionally using his bit of mandioca root as a sort of chopstick, or his fingers in case of emergency. At the conclusion of the repast a servant—who had been standing perfectly motionless throughout the meal behind his master's chair, like a bronzed statue in tattered drapery—suddenly clasped his hands and broke into a loud prayer or "grace," with all the gravity of a bishop. This manner of performing one's devotion by proxy, so to speak, was not unfamiliar to me, having met with it, years ago, in the wilds of Costa Rica. It is generally employed in the rural districts of Paraguay, and always reminds me of the very sensible remark made by the Chinese Minister to the United States when he attended his first Washington ball. It was a warm evening, and the mandarin looked with astonishment upon the well-dressed mob, who were panting and perspiring in the waltz, and innocently inquired: "Why don't you have your servant do that? In my country we hire such hard work done."

FEW FOREIGN LUXURIES.

Give the Paraguayan plenty of mate, beef and mandioca, in the order named as to their necessity, and his wants are well supplied. Mate is never served at meals, like the Chinese leaf with us, but always an after-accompaniment of cigars, between meals, at bedtime, and immediately upon awakening in the morning. Their forests yield a wild abundance of it, native pastures support the cattle with little care on their part, and mandioca is very easily cultivated. Little else is grown but tobacco, corn, pumpkins, oranges and melons—the latter, though small, of delicious flavor. Coffee of especial excellence grows well in Paraguay, but there are only two or three coffee plantations in the whole country. Bananas and pine-apples are also well cultivated on a limited scale, and nowhere in the world do they attain greater perfection. Shut off so long, first by the policy of Spain and afterward by that of the Dictators, from all communications with other lands, the Paraguayans have almost no knowledge of foreign luxuries. The climate is simply perfect. Hard work is not required to keep the wolf from the door; and with an occasional dance and the frequent fiestas of the Church to break the monotony, they dream life away in tranquil fashion, firmly persuading themselves that here is the true elysium.

SOME ODD OATHS.

We are yet within the limits of the Misiones, and the finest old church I have seen is within walking distance from the Casa Gauzu-Caphuyan. Its wood work, nearly black with age and elaborately carved, is especially beautiful, for the exquisite color and fine texture of the Paraguay woods render them invaluable for such purpose, as well as almost indestructible. Among many traces left hereabouts of the order that dominated Paraguay for 150 years, aside from the patriarchal customs, one of the most amusing is the way the people swear, men and women, with equal readiness, after the vehement fashion of the fathers—"By the Holy Trinity," "By the Immaculate Conception," "By the entrails of Jesus Christ." Occasionally one sees in the village a man from districts yet farther inland, dressed in the costume of Francia's time—short vest and jacket hardly covering the shoulder blades, skin-tight trousers and pointed hat, sixteen inches high.

THE OX-HIDE CARRY ALL.

The universal basket of the country is an ox hide, with its four corners drawn together and fastened, so that it can be slung upon a pole and carried by two men, or, more commonly, by two women. Every conceivable commodity is transported through the streets in this way, even the pulverized yerba, molasses and canarum, instead of in boxes or barrels, as in other parts of the world. Though the country abounds in wood and iron, hide is still the favorite substitute for both, as well as for rope and many other things. Nothing in these regions is more astonishing to me than the small use that is made of milk, and even its avoidance in the proportion of food. Though fine cows by thousands rove the pampas, butter is almost unknown, and nobody dreams of such a thing as eating bread and milk. Having some fine strawberries at dinner, I happened to mention to Senor Valdes that in the United States fruit is eaten with cream. Had I told him that rattlesnakes were a favorite article with my countrymen, he could not have appeared more shocked and astonished—for in Paraguay there are Indians who consider serpent flesh a toothsome morceau. "No es posible; es venimo" (it is impossible; it is poison), he said coldly, thinking his credulity was being imposed upon.

There is ten inches of snow at Barrie.

AGAIN PEPPERING RIO.

Mello, Confident of Success, Pushing His Campaign Actively.

THE SUNKEN MAN OF WAR.

Heavy artillery fire continues daily. Forts Villegaignon and Lage have been greatly battered.

The foreign diplomats consider it impossible to take further steps for the protection of life and property, and the naval commanders concur in the general opinion which avers letting both sides proceed without any further interference. Admiral de Mello is inclined to bombard the city after forty hours' notice.

Admiral Gama, who recently joined the insurgents, confirms the telegram of last week, saying that De Mello is disposed to wait until the end of the revolution and then take a plebiscite of the country on the question of a monarchy.

The insurgents are confident of success; they have captured Bage (in the province of Rio Grande do Sul) and are making progress northwards.

President Peixoto is preparing for a stubborn defence of Rio de Janeiro, and states that he intends fighting to the last, and that when his ships arrive he expects victory.

All business is suffering severely and every branch is stagnated. The financial position of the Government is difficult, the treasury is exhausted, and the fact that Pernambuco has been declared in a state of siege shows the spread of the movement.

The Javary, the rebel vessel sunk by Peixoto's guns, was an iron armored turret ship of 3,700 tons; she carried four 10 inch Whitworth muzzle-loading rifle guns, six 5-inch rapid-fire guns and five machine guns. The Javary had 2,200 horse power and had 12 inches of armor. She was a powerful vessel, of light draught and suitable for coast defence or river service. She was built in France in 1875. All her crew perished.

A NEW DEPARTURE AT WEDDINGS.

Each Bridesmaid Clad as Suited Her Style of Beauty.

The English papers are quite enthusiastic over the wedding of Miss Flora Davis. The London Queen says:

"Don't you think that all bridesmaids to be should bless the pluck of Miss Flora Davis, who has burst, in their name, the chain of uniform color under which they have writhed so long? The attendant maids of this lovely Transatlantic bride were striped dresses of the same material and style, but alternating with varied colors, according to the personality and complexion of each damsel. A happy inspiration this, for accomplishing the impossible feat of pleasing everybody, and certain to be copied at many perspective weddings.

By Way of Contrast.

The world reads in the newspapers that Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt sets sail this week for a ten-months' cruise on the largest and handsomest steam yacht afloat. He takes with him a party of guests, and it is easy for any one of imagination to conjure up the perfect indolence and ease in which the luxurious party will glide through the blue waters of the Mediterranean, cooling their casual thirsts with iced wines, appeasing their recurrent hungers with ornamental viands and listening to music from the romantic guitar. The sybarites of ancient days knew no greater rapture than the Messrs. Vanderbilt, Belmont, Rutherford, Webb, Beach and Keys will experience during their voyage. It would be extremely sour and anarchistic to envy them their happiness or to hint for a moment that they do not deserve it. They are all noble gentlemen that have labored throughout their lives for the good of mankind, they have stood before the world as examples of industry, philanthropy and unselfishness, and now, after untold deprivations and herculean labors, they are sailing away to quiet seas, to a well earned rest, and the congratulations and good wishes of all mankind go with them. It was thoughtful and generous of the daily newspapers to describe to their readers the beautiful plans of this yachting party. It is comforting reading for the paupers in the downtown wards. The mechanic who gets a half hour at noontime in which to eat some stale bread and cheese will be encouraged to renew his toil when he reads of how Mr. Beach or Mr. Belmont will take their siestas each afternoon amid pale silk cushions in a white and gold cabin after eating themselves into a condition of drowsiness. It is, in fact, most gratifying to all society to know that a little company of worthy men, men of great intellect, great character and great charity, are to experience such perfect bliss. The *canaille* will labor more blithely for learning of it, and even the anarchist will chortle in his joy at hearing of that ten months' trip through seas of champagne. We are told that times are hard. They are, methinks, rather soft for the Messrs. Vanderbilt, Belmont, Rutherford, Webb, Beach and Keyes.—*New York Town Topics.*

Papa's Opinions of Education.

Little Dick—I told teacher that you didn' remember half the things you studied at school.

Papa—I am glad you did. There is no use in all this stuffing, and the teachers ought to know it. What did she say?

Little Dick—She said she guessed I was a chip o' the old block.

A New Accessory.

Western theatre manager—What plays are you going to give me?

Advance agent—"Ten Nights in a Bar-room."

Western theatre manager—Any good?

Advance agent—Any good? Why, sir, our company carries a ten-thousand-dollar-bar.

Commencement.

Fair Girl Graduate—Why do they call it commencement, pa?

Father—Because those who graduate just commence to discover what they don't know is pretty much all there is to learn in this life.

An experiment with two bars of iron separated by a layer of charcoal and subjected to a current of 55 ampères at 5½ volts has resulted in one bar, the cathode, being converted into steel on the side next the charcoal, while the other bar, the anode, remained unaffected. This was after three hours of heating under the current, and is one of a series of experiments carried out recently by M. Garnier, which are likely to lead to better understanding of the principles underlying the process of converting iron into steel.

Until recent years alcohol was generally used for preserving specimens of fishes by naturalists, but other things are now taking its place. The best of these appears to be a solution of acetate of soda, which is spread on the fish like salt, each layer of the fish being covered with it in turn. Prince Henry d'Orleans used this preservative during his travels in Indo-China and found it excellent.

IT WAS TOO SUGGESTIVE

The Aberdeens Would Not Countenance the Ladies' Guild's "Mascotte."

SOME MAD SOCIETY BELLES.

Some six or seven weeks ago, says New York Town Topics, it appears, the Ladies Guild of Grace Church, one of the most fashionable Anglican churches of Ottawa, set about arranging for the presentation for charity's sake by society amateurs of "The Mascotte." The rehearsals have been going forward most prosperously, and until last week all things seemed in readiness for an immediate production of the opera. But now it seems not unlikely that the chrysanthemum-adorned young men of the Canadian civil service will be cheated of the delight of applauding the dear girls who were to have given them some of the innocent pleasures enjoyed by the Johnnies of more favored metropolitan centres, where comic opera is not such a rare luxury as it is in the remote capital of Canada.

It was decided last week that the Governor-General and Her Excellency Lady Aberdeen should be requested to accord, in the usual way, the vice-regal patronage to the performance. Mr. C. Berkeley Powell, who, besides being one of the leading members of the golfing set, is an equally active member of Grace Church, was deputed to make the request.

Imagine his feelings upon receiving a formal note from His Excellency's secretary, stating that Lord and Lady Aberdeen could not countenance the presentation of "the improper and suggestive French comic opera, 'La Mascotte,'" and could not dream of having it announced as being under the vice-regal patronage. Imagine the feelings of the ladies of the guild when Mr. Powell read to them after church last Sunday morning the note from His Excellency's secretary!

"It is the first time," said one lady who was not afraid to speak out her indignation, "that the Vice-regal patronage was ever refused, and, if I had my way, we would advertise the performance as 'not under the patronage of Their Excellencies.'"

"It's too bad," timidly bewailed another, "after our having carefully revised all the impropriety we could out of that third act!"

I might suggest that if Lord and Lady Aberdeen are anxious, as may be judged from this somewhat singular prudish action of theirs, to make Ottawa society, like the extensively advertised brands of baking powder, absolutely pure, they should cable for pointers to Lord Dufferin, who will remember that Ottawa was pretty gay when he was Governor-General. When the "Black Crook" went to Ottawa, Lord Dufferin, I remember, applauded it from the Vice-regal box in the sole theatre which the Canadian capital boasts.

Familiar Phrases.

How often do we come across expressions familiar to us from babyhood, yet if called upon by a foreigner to explain their origin we should be puzzled. Take, for instance, one with which we are pretty sure to be but too well acquainted—"Eating humble pie." "Umbles" are the heart, liver and entrails of the deer, and are the huntsman's perquisites. When the venison pasty was served on the dais to the lord and his friends, the huntsman and his fellows had to content themselves with a pasty made of the "umbles." "I don't care a rap." "Rap" was a base halfpenny, worth about half a farthing, issued for the nonce in Ireland in 1721. The expression we so constantly use—"Oh, dear me!" is a corruption of the Latin "Oh, Deus meus!" "Oh, my God!" "A rum fellow" comes from the Saxon "rom," and was first applied to Roman Catholic priests, subsequently to other clergymen. Swift speaks of "rusty old rums"—i. e., country parsons. As they were quaint and old fashioned, "a rum fellow" at last came to signify any one odd or peculiar in his manner and habits. "Out of sorts" is a printer's expression, being out of type of a particular letter.

Cutting the Wedding Cake.

At a recent fashionable wedding the ceremony of cutting the bride's loaf was performed the night before and was made the occasion of a festivity, participated in by the immediate wedding party only, bridesmaids, ushers and the like.

This is a revival of an old-time custom, which may be destined to run its course again in these days of a craze for resurrections.

The origin of the wedding loaf is to be found in an old English rite of sprinkling wheat over the head of the bride, as typical of the abundance and prosperity which were hoped for.

The first bride cakes were made of wheat, like bread, but gradually evolved into the elaborate and toothsome wedding cake of to-day.

When first used as a loaf this was broken over the head of the bride, and the pieces shared only by the near relatives and attendants of the newly-married pair.

An Ungallant Man's Complaint.

Have you ever noticed when a lady enters a crowded car she approaches some soft-looking fellow and stands in front of him? She will never think of taking hold of a strap until the car is about to stop. Then she makes a spring at a strap, but fails to catch it. And, of course, she falls all over her victim, and continues to do this until the poor fellow gives up all hope of having a comfortable seat, so he stands up and gives the young lady his seat, and she takes it with a smile and as much as to say: "I've got you this time."

Boys, look out for this kind of young women.

The Difference.

Mistress—What kind of pies are these, cook?

Cook—Some av 'em is appul an' some is mince.

Mistress—But I told you to mark them so they could be told apart; and they are all marked "T. M."

Cook—So they be, mum—"'Tis mince," an' "'Taint mince."

Richard Innes, carpenter, was arrested at Halifax yesterday and remains in custody charged with having caused the death of Eliza Hughes by administering drugs. Eliza Hughes was a widow, aged 20, and had been on intimate terms with Innes for some time. She died on Saturday, and on her deathbed confided her secret to the woman with whom she had boarded and to a doctor. Innes is 35 years old and has a wife, but has not lived with her for a couple of years.

A melancholy accident happened the other day whereby John Ward, son of Francis Ward, a prominent farmer of Bethany, lost his life. Deceased, who was an estimable young man, about 23 years of age, was standing near a stamping machine watching a stump being taken out, when some part of the machinery broke, striking him on the head, killing him instantly. The sorrowing family have the heartfelt sympathy of the surrounding community.

SCAFFOLD NOTES FOR JANUARY

Five Canadian Murders to be Avenged in That Month.

SEVEN MURDER TRIALS YET.

On Jan. 15 a boy named Walter Hill is to be hanged at Brandon, Man., and Joseph Leblanc is to meet the same fate at Winnipeg, Man., on the same day.

In July last E. A. Graves, a young farmer, near Virden, was found dead in his cabin. Foul play was suspected, and Dr. Young, of Virden, held a post-mortem, which disclosed poisoning by strychnine. Hill was the only occupant of the cabin with Graves for some time. His story was so disconnected that the authorities decided to place him under arrest. At the trial his guilt was clearly proved.

Leblanc was charged with the murder of an old man named John Wilson last July. Wilson's body was found in a dark alleyway. Strong suspicion pointed to Leblanc and his pal, Riley. Both were arraigned for the murder. Riley was acquitted on the charge of murder, but found guilty of highway robbery with violence, and sentenced to 15 years in the Penitentiary.

The next on the programme are Peter and Jack, two Indians. They will die on the scaffold at New Westminster, B. C., on January 16th. Their trial lasted six days and attracted a large amount of interest. They were charged with the murder of a policeman named Pittendrigh. Peter rebelled against Pittendrigh, who was foreman of a gang of men, Peter being one of the number. Pittendrigh threw Peter into the water, and Peter swore revenge. Pittendrigh, while crossing a vacant lot at Westminster on the night of October 27th, last year, was waylaid by Peter and Jack and murdered. The Indians are indignant at the severe sentence in the face of the fact that Sangster, a white man, who killed Indian Tom at Vancouver in August, got off with only twelve years' imprisonment.

In addition to the above list there are seven awaiting trial on the charge of murder, two for the alleged killing of their wives.

KILLED BY LAUGHTER.

The Very Merry Yet Sad End of a Pickle Merchant.

"Laugh and grow fat," is a well-known adage, but the reverse was the case with poor Mr. Mirando, pickle merchant, of Spitalfields, who has just died from over indulgence in laughter. He was at a public house in Commercial street, and somebody told a funny story which tickled his fancy. He accordingly "laughed very heartily," was seized with a fit of coughing and fell down. In falling he struck his head against a form, but this was not the cause of his death. The doctor certified that he died simply from suffocation, for which the prolonged guffaw, terminating in a cough, seems to have been solely responsible. Apart from the sad aspects of such an incident, it would certainly be of interest to know what story it was which was of so highly mirthful a kind as to produce these disastrous results on a strong and healthy man. Humor of the "killing" description is rare. The Spitalfields raconteur ought to make a fortune as a story-teller, not only for himself, but for coroners, if paid by fees.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Ill-Tempered.

Sir Francis Nicholson, who was sent over by the English Government some 200 years ago as Lieutenant-Governor of New England, left behind him a reputation for bad temper.

He refused to consider the advice of members of his own council, and abused them even in session. His oaths and threats could be heard even at a distance from the council room.

"One might as well pretend to describe a hurricane to one that never saw it, as to think to describe the brutality and savageness of his passions," quotes the "Magazine of American History" in discussing them; but the cleverest bit of characterization comes from an Indian's lips. While he had command of the army, Nicholson fell into one of these fits of rage wherein he almost seemed to lose command of his reason.

"The general is drunk," said the Indian to an officer.

"No," was the reply; "he never drinks any strong liquor."

"I do not mean that he is drunk with rum," said the Indian. "He was born drunk!"

Ernest, Your Mother is Ill.

The following letter from a mother in search of her missing son is sent to the press:

HORSEHEADS, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be so kind as to inform me if there is a young man named Ernest Shults known in your city? I have lost all track of him. One year ago he was working on a dam that was being built at Drummondville, Ont., and said he would be home before Christmas, and I have waited and watched until it does seem as if I must find out where he is. My health is poor. I have a little boy to care for and don't know how to get along without him. If you can tell me anything about him please come as soon as possible and oblige his sick mother,

LIBBIE SHULTS,
Horseheads, Chemung County, N. Y.

Gus. as a Warrior.

Gustavus Adolphus was the greatest military innovator of modern times. He reduced the regiments to about 1,300 men, 130 in a company; lightened the muskets so that a rest became unnecessary, facilitated firing by the use of paper cartridges and abolished the deep formation. His pikemen stood six deep, his musketeers three deep. He also organized both cavalry and artillery, and he made field guns so light that two horses could draw them at a gallop, and so effective that they could be fired six times while a musketeer fired twice.

"Dough-Face."

The opprobrious epithet "dough face" was first used in Congress by John Randolph, of Roanoke, who applied it to Mr. Everett, of Massachusetts, while pointing at that dignified gentleman "his long and skinny finger." This unpleasant term has not been used in Congressional debate for some time, and it is a curious coincidence that the man at whom it was aimed by Boutelle the other day is the son of the Massachusetts statesman who provoked Randolph to use it.

What is Fame?

Professor—To what did Xenophone owe his reputation?

Student—Principally to the fact that his name commenced with X and came in so handy for headlines in alphabetical copy books.

Mr. John Garnett, one of the most widely known and highly respected business men of Tilsonburg, Ont., died there on Saturday, at the age of 72 years.

LAUGH AND LEARN.

Greece has 27,000 sailors.

Japan will build 14 railways.

London has 60,000 telephones.

A submarine gas stove is new.

Kansas City anticipates $1 gas.

Calcutta has a snake laboratory.

Russia leads the world in horses.

A black fox's skin is worth $1,000.

Indians make blankets from bark.

Chicago reports 2,000 saloon failures.

Princess May has a gold mouse trap.

California wines gain favor in Europe.

Ireland has 2,830,000 acres of bog land.

American hats cost $300,000,000 a year.

Germany has a railway dating from 1825.

London theatres employ 12,000 persons.

Great Britain makes 900,000 pianos a year.

Californians object to Japanese immigration.

Belgium has 150,000 saloons and 5,000 schools.

Liberia yearly exports 1,000,000 pounds of coffee.

The Chicago-New York telephone covers 950 miles.

Germany sends the States 100,000 canary birds annually.

The sandbag man's business is best when he goes on a strike.

The sculptor is generally fishing for fame when he makes a cast.

Great Britain's capital in U. S. railways amounts to $500,000,000.

The unicycle is expected by an inventor to go a mile in 20 seconds.

A Scotch farmer has arranged to do all his work by an electric motor.

The army worm has cost the States more than the Revolutionary war.

The popular pianist finds little difficulty in realizing on his notes of hand.

No, Charles Augus, we have never heard that yeast would raise side whiskers.

There is enough iron in the blood of 48 men to make a 24-pound ploughshare.

No man is as good as he demands the young man shall be who asks for his daughter.

Aluminium is to be used on the accoutrements of the German army to decrease the weight.

"I am going," said the old lady, "to the opera. I want to hear the new American Belladonna."

Professor A.—Whom do you regard as the greatest linguist of the age? Professor B.—Mrs. B.

A speck of gold, weighing the millioneth part of a grain may be easily seen by the naked eye.

It is estimated that last year 1,285,000,000 bananas were consumed in the United States alone.

Thinner than tissue paper are sheets of iron that run 4,800 to an inch, recently rolled in Wales.

Since 1840 the world's production of meat has increased 57 per cent., that of grain 420 per cent.

A new invention is an attachment for a horse's bridle, by means of which the animal may carry a lamp on its head.

An English woman has employed 35 poor Irish women since 1885 in making a copy of an old piece of Bayeux tapestry.

In the production of glass jewels Hungary leads the world. The work is done almost entirely by the peasant class.

"Always speak well of your neighbor!" "I always do, although I can assure you she is the meanest woman in creation."

Jack—I declare, if Miss Sears isn't getting gray. Jess—No wonder, poor thing; she has had so much trouble to conceal her age.

First Blokey—Did dat swat I give ye in the jaw hurt? Second Blokey—What swat? First B.—Dat swat. Second B.—Dat's what.

The Actor—I say, Jane, what is the difference between a bill board and a board bill? Actor's Wife—Well, you can't jump the bill board.

But it Didn't Work.—Wife—John, it was 1 when you came into the house last night. Husband—And you were the one I came home to see, darling.

—He, at the play, in response to some bit of surprising news—You take my breath away. She—So glad! You won't need a clove at the end of the act.

Kasper says that of clergymen, 42 per cent. reach 70 years; of farmers, 40; merchants, 33; soldiers and clerks, 32; lawyers, 29; teachers, 28; physicians, 24.

There is a fireproof covering for walls, composed of asbestos sheets, softened by steaming, embossed by rollers and dried and painted or otherwise decorated.

She—Oh, yes, I quite believe there's a fool in every family. Don't you? He—Well—er—my opinion's rather biased. You see I'm the only member of our family.

Directors of physical culture say that heavy dumbbells do more harm than good, as they strain the heart and lungs as well as the muscles they are supposed to benefit.

"It's a very happy little family, isn't it?" "Oh, dear, no! Her husband is jealous of her poodle, and her poodle is jealous of her baby, and the baby cries for its father all the time."

Blobbs—Did you ever know Hobbs was a ticket of leave man? Slobbs—You're joking. Blobbs—No, I'm not. He used to give out the return checks to the thirsty crowd at a theatre door.

Mamma—Johnny, see that you give Ethel the lion's share of that orange. Johnny—Yes'm. Ethel—Mamma, he hasn't given me any. Johnny—Well, that's all right; lions don't eat oranges.

Applicant—Then the employees of this department don't have to pass the Civil Service examination? Government official—No, indeed. We require bright, active, intelligent men for our work.

The most noted shot among English women is Lady Eva Quin, wife of Captain Wyndham, heir presumptive to the Earl of Dunraven. She has killed six full-grown tigers from the frail shelter of a howdah.

It is not exactly nice for girls to kiss one another on the streets or in public places. Vulgar women and girls who don't know any better do exchange caresses in public, but gentlewomen and well-bred girls are circumspect.

The Tenant of the Second Flat (hotly)—I thought you assured the landlord that none of your family played the piano? The Tenant of the Third Flat—They don't play the piano. Why, they're all only beginning to learn now.

The Empress of Russia is very fond of the Danish black or rye bread, such as is baked for the soldiers. During Her Majesty's visits to Denmark she eats this kind of bread every day, and when in Russia a loaf is sent to Russia every fifth day.

The impecunious youth now dineth upon the luscious delicacy yclept fish ball, and indulgeth not in gorgeous neckties and mixed drinks, for verily the time approacheth when he must forsooth purchase one Christmas gift for one fayre maiden.

"What do you call that there thing you ride up here on?" asked the farmer man of the youth who had stopped to get a drink of water at the well. "It is a bicycle." "Seems to me," said the old man, "that I'd druther have a wheelbarrow. Wheelbarrow's something you can sit down in and rest when you get tired of pushin' the thing."

PROGRESS IN ONE LIFETIME.

How They Travelled and What They Were Sixty Years Ago.

When I compare the past with the present, it makes my head reel when contemplating the miraculous changes that have taken place within my recollection. Electric cars will soon be running through my native township impelled by a universal, but unseen power. People, too, converse with each other while many miles asunder through the agency of the same medium. This has all been accomplished through the thinking capacity and the capability of advance of the insect, man. How bewildering to step over, or leave out, sixty or seventy years of one's lifetime from boyhood to old age!

As far down as the winter of '43 44 I advertised for Professor Ballard, who lectured on natural philosophy, and was considered a visionary because he said railway cars would in time be run through the agency of electricity. Fifty years have since rolled past, and I have lived to see his prophecy verified. The mistake the professor made was in placing his generator, or power house, on board his locomotive, which, therefore, would be so unwieldy and heavy as to move very slowly, if at all.

As it has perhaps become my particular forte to speak of the past, I will say that in ye olden time the ordinary means of locomotion was by ox sleds, or carts, with an occasional horse wagon, or, on horseback. A division of labor which has wrought such wonders since, was, except in a limited way, without acceptance. Each little farm or clearing became, as it were, an island, on which the inhabitants lived within themselves and quite independent of the outside world, as far as manufacturing was concerned. True, the itinerant tailor and shoemaker made their yearly rounds, and the local blacksmith made the chopping axes to order and repaired the guns and placed iron straps on the wooden ploughs, and the miller took his toll (1-12) and the distiller his (½), and the tanner also dressed hides into leather "on halves."

Wool and flax were grown, spun and woven at home, and very wearing fabrics were produced. The matured flax crop was pulled up by the roots by hand, and a backaching job it was, as I well remember. Next the flax was made into sheaves and soaked in a pool to rot the bark, and, when fit for removal, it was spread out on stagings covered with poles and a slow fire carefully kept under it until perfectly dry. It was then taken to the log barn, or shed, and put through the brake, which made it pliant and revealed the fibre. Next an experienced hand beat it with a swingel on the sharp edge of an upright board. This was a very dusty job, but every flake of bark must be removed, and each handful laid straight and carefully aside ready for the women and girls, at their leisure, to begin their gossiping while applying the fibre to the *hatchee*, by which all the coarse and broken parts would be removed from the flax proper, and separated from the tow, which would be spun and woven into coarse cloth for men's pants and boys' wear. The flax would be made into linen for underclothing for summer, while home-made flannel was worn in winter. In this way the early Canadians lived quite comfortably and happily, verifying the fact that

The wants of our nature are cheaply supplied;
And the rest is but folly and care.

Compare the past simple means of locomotion and the past primitive means of supplying the wants of the people with the present limitless advantages for ministering to our ever increasing wants. What a change! A division of labor system and mechanical ingenuity, and the scientific researches of the present and of the immediate past, have, as if by magic, eclipsed the wildest dreams of those who have gone before us.

Alas! Abreast all these thousand advantages loom the improved awful engines of human destruction. Will wars cease when annihilation is certain to those engaged?

B. B. E., Nov., 1893. HANS.

The Magic of Compound Interest.

The Burgomaster of Mittenwalde, a town in the Mark of Brandenburg, has found some old records bearing the dates of the years 1562 and 1549, the first being a statement of moneys due by the city of Berlin to the town of Mittenwalde, and the second of funds advanced by that town to the then reigning prince, the Elector Joachim of Brandenburg. It is reckoned that, taking compound interest into account, the debts would at present represent a sum of 3,500 milliards of marks, and it is stated that the Burgomaster intends putting forward claims on behalf of the town. The unanimous opinion is, however, that he would be non-suited after this lapse of time, even if the debts could be legally proved.

A Snap for Honduras.

The Republic of Uruguay is about to issue a new postage stamp, an order for 8,000,000 stamps of new design having been recently given to an English firm. It is the practice among the South and Central American Republics, under these circumstances, to sell unused stamps to European collectors, the Republic of Honduras making as much as $25,000 in 1891 over a deal of this kind. Seeing that $25,000 represented a little more than half the national revenue for the year named, the Minister of Finance in Honduras has no small reason to bless the craze for foreign stamps which exists in European countries.

In the Interest of Matrimony.

Railers against matrimony will find a hard nut to crack in the fact that in France it has been computed that 75 per cent. of the male criminals are unmarried men. Marriage may have its drawbacks, but it evidently checks crime, at least in France, and the best thing the French Government can do, therefore, is to encourage all young Frenchmen to marry as soon as they can.

In Choosing a Wife.

There is an old Gaelic proverb full of force: "Choose a good mother's daughter, though her father were the devil." And another, quite as good: "Choose your wife as you wish your children to be."

A bushel of wheat is a half year's subscription in Kansas to almost any weekly paper in the State.

Both strikers and company officials are still confident of victory in the Lehigh Valley strike. Trains are beginning to work more regularly.

THE OSTRICH DANCE.

It Has a Song Like a Lion's Roar and an Omnivorous Taste.

A NATURAL BORN THIEF.

The dance of the ostrich is one of those peculiar native customs which certain fowls develop, without any apparent incentive except it may be the law of heredity. It usually occurs at early morning, when the young birds are let out of their enclosure, and is said to be entirely due to awkwardness and uncertainty. This leads them to advance and turn in a dervish-like whirl which is very quaint and fantastic as they float about, assisting their motions by their outspread wings.

They circle and reverse almost as a waltzer would, and when a larger number of these strange birds go through their dancing antics it is almost impossible to believe that they have not been taught the accomplishment by a dancing master.

Their waltz often ends in disaster, as they break each other's legs, which is certain death, or become dizzy and fall down in a demoralized heap. The kick of an ostrich has been known to destroy life.

In the opening chapter of Rider Haggard's "Jess" there is a highly dramatic account of a fight for life with an ostrich, and it is historically correct. In fighting they are apt to break their own legs, they give such desperate blows. Indeed, it would seem as if all the vital energies of the great bird were centered in its long, ungainly legs, which are graceful only when going across their native grass-covered plains with a rapidity of motion that must be seen to be appreciated.

I am only rehearsing a few of the peculiarities of the creatures which have made it of interest ever since the days of Job "which leaveth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in the dust." It would appear to be an evidence of cunning rather than stupidity for Mrs. Ostrich to adopt this very simple method of incubation. However, it has its disadvantages, for while she is away getting a good dinner her enemy, the white-necked crow, spies the unguarded nest.

He knows he cannot break one of those mammoth eggs and devises a shrewd plan to help him. Taking a stone in his beak he flies over the spot, calculates with bird sagacity the necessary distance and drops the stone. Plunk! An egg is broken and he descends to his feast. This is said to be the same kind of a raven that fed the prophet Elijah. His wisdom seems almost of a supernatural order.

It is said that the cry of an ostrich is like the roar of a lion, and the Hottentots often run from it in fright until they see the bird.

The ostrich is a generous layer. Sixty eggs will be found in and around a single nest. One of these eggs is equal to twenty-four hen's eggs. The Hottentots and Bushmen cook an ostrich egg by putting one end in a hot fire. Through an opening in the other they stir the contents, putting in salt and pepper, making a very palatable omelet.

It is never safe to drop any article when walking near a covey of ostriches. The ostrich will eat anything, seeming apparently to have no sense of taste. A story is told of a young girl who was visiting a zoo where a large ostrich snatched her kid gloves, which were rolled into a ball, and ate them. The next day the girl returned with the family contribution of half a dozen pairs of gloves, all of which were as readily swallowed.

While the ostrich has absolutely no brains—see Job for authority—it has vicious propensities that show some sort of wicked intelligence. Some Cape Town people had a fowl fatting in a special coop near an ostrich kraal. The bird drooped and grew thin. It was watched and seen to peer through the slats of its coop, curious to watch its neighbors, the ostriches. Every time it put its head out it received a kick from its neighbor, and would soon have died had it not been removed.

A meek-looking male ostrich stood about with its consort, looking so dejected that some visitors remarked it must be henpecked.

"Oh," laughed the host, "he is henkicked," and they soon saw him receive a staggering blow from his gentle spouse which sent him with drooping feathers into a corner.

Old Lightning belonged to an ostrich farm at San Diego, and was a magnificent bird. He acquired his name from the rapidity with which he could pluck a lighted cigar or pipe from a visitor's mouth or remove his watch and chain or any ornament which he could discover. The noiseless manner in which he could steal up behind one and then nip some personal property was remarkable.

He was a natural born thief. Once he snatched all the flowers off a young lady's hat. At another time he attempted to swallow a diamond earring, but as it was fast in its owner's ear he could not manage it.

Old Lightning's greatest feat was swallowing a lighted meerschaum pipe, which he snatched from a visitor's mouth. The keeper had seen him and caught him around the neck and the pipe was exhumed, the tobacco still burning.

A Modern Juliet's Idea.

According to a London contemporary, a young lady has adorned her boudoir walls with old tobacco pipes and has a blue satin band suspended from one side of the room to the other on which more old tobacco pipes are hung; these are love gifts. The authority does not say whether of the accepted one or of more. The idea of this modern Juliet is considered "very sweet."

They had not met for years. "Do you remember," he asked, "the little sapling we planted together as boy and girl?" Her eyes softened at the recollection. "Yes," she answered, "I remember it well." "That sapling," he continued, dreamily, "must be a strong and sturdy oak now!" The softness all died out of her eyes and conversation ceased.

To make 1,000 cubic feet of illuminating gas, eight pounds of coal, costing two cents, and four gallons of naphtha, costing 12 cents, are required.

The gunboat Dryad, of 1,070 tons, was launched at the Chatham dockyards on Saturday. She is expected to develop a speed of 20 knots per hour.

BLOOD BUILDER FOR BRAIN & BODY

DR. HOWARD'S ELECTRIC PILLS.

The latest and greatest discovery, by the inventor of this class of medicines.

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Cure all Weakness of Brain, Body, Nerves and System, Anaemia, St. Vitus' Dance, Paralysis, Ataxy, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Early Decay, Female Irregularity and Weakness. Large boxes, 50c.; six for $2.50. Dr. Howard Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

A SEDENTARY OCCUPATION, plenty of sitting down and not much exercise, ought to have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They absolutely and permanently cure Constipation. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet is a corrective, a regulator, a gentle laxative. They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and the most *natural* remedy—no reaction afterward. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all stomach and bowel derangements are prevented, relieved and cured.

A "COLD IN THE HEAD" is quickly cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So is Catarrhal Headache, and every trouble caused by Catarrh. So is Catarrh itself. The proprietors offer $500 for any case which they cannot cure.

Exhausting Labor Avoided.

Fweddy—What the big mesengah boy fallowing you awound foh?

Cholly—He's weahing my chwysanthemum foh me.—*Chicago Record.*

Demonstrated.

Sometimes it costs hundreds of dollars to convince a man, very often less is required, but in the case of Polson's Nerviline, that sovereign remedy for pain, 10c. foots the bill and supplies enough Nerviline to convince every purchaser that it is the best, most prompt and certain pain remedy in the world. Nerviline is good for all kinds of pain, pleasant to take, and sure to cure cramps and all internal pains. It is also nice to rub outside, for it has an agreeable smell, quite unlike so many other preparations, which are positively disagreeable to use. Try it now. Go to a drug store and buy a 10 cent or 25 cent bottle. Polson's Nerviline. Take no other.

Above Writing It.

An old negro who had business in a lawyer's office was asked if he could sign his name.

"How is dat, sir?"

"I ask," the lawyer answered, "if you can write your name?"

"Well, no, sah. I neber writes my name, I jess dictates it."

Asthma Sufferers

Who have in vain tried every other means of relief should try "Schiffmann's Asthma Cure." No waiting for results. Its action is immediate, direct and certain, as a single trial proves. Send to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., for a free trial package, but ask your druggist first.

Rights and Lefts.

Rector's wife—You ought to avoid even the appearance of evil. Do you, yourself, think the girls who dance are right?

Belle of the parish—They must be. I knew the girls who don't dance are always left.

Immense numbers of those cured of rheumatism by using McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant testify that they could not get permanent benefit from any other treatment. It is neatly put up in $1.00 bottles by W. A. McCollom, Tilsonburg, Ont., and sold by wholesale druggists of Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg and by retail druggists generally.

The United States produces more grain in proportion to population than any other nation.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00 SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? This Remedy will relieve and Cure you. Price 50cts. This Injector for its successful treatment, free. Remember, Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee.

CASH FOR FEATHERS.

Cut this address out and take it along with your feathers to the store where you do your trading. You can get from 30 to 45c for good goose feathers; about 20c for old goose feathers; 20 to 30c for duck feathers; 6 to 10c for hen feathers; 3 to 5c for turkey feathers. Keep them separated. Write for further information. McINTOSH, WILLIAMS & CO., 10 St. Sacrament street, Montreal, P. Q.

THE MONEY-MAKER KNITTING MACHINE ONLY $10 ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT, OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS, PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, &c. THIS IS GOOD FOR ... CREELMAN BROS. M'F'G GEORGETOWN, ONT.

Please mention this paper when replying to this advertisement.

INSTEAD OF HARDWOOD.

How to Treat a Floor So That it Will be a Thing of Beauty.

Do not despair because fate has denied you hardwood floors. Instead, bestir yourself to make good fate's deficiencies.

If the floors are uneven or have wide spaces between the laths, they may be inexpensively covered with thin matched boards. Such a covering, carefully put down with putty and paint, will last for years. Stain the boards with a preparation of logwood boiled in water until it is dark red. Apply this while it is hot, being careful to put it on evenly. After the first coat is dry apply a second. When it is thoroughly dried, go over the boards with hot linseed oil, put on with a wide, soft brush. The more coats of oil that are applied, the more durable and pretty the floor will be. When the oil is thoroughly soaked in, the floor may be waxed.—*New York World.*

Purely Vegetable.

Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is purely vegetable in composition. Putnam's Corn Extractor makes no sore spots; don't lay a man up for a week. Beware of acid substitutes. By druggists.

Damaging Aldermanic Sensibilities.

"You may say what you will, but Gladstone is the greatest man of his century," said one gentleman to another in a restaurant. "H-u-s-h! Don't speak so loud! There is an alderman sitting at the next table over there and you might hurt his feelings."—*Texas Siftings.*

Dick's Liniment cures All Lameness and Sprains
DICK & CO., P. O. Box 482, Montreal.

AGENTS! HERE YOU ARE. "Samantha at the World's Fair," by Josiah Allen's Wife. Over 100 illustrations; nearly 800 pages. No territory assigned. Send $1 for prospectus, and push the canvass if you want to make money. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Temperance street, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED.
To handle a quick-selling household article. Sells on sight. Exclusive territory given. For particulars address DOMINION SPECIALTY CO., 310 King Street East. Hamilton, Ont.

LOVERS of the beautiful all want our "VICTOR COLOR PROCESS" work. New, unique and simple. If you want large results from trifling outlay, write for particulars. H. G. BLAKE & Co., Albany, N. Y.

$1 AN HOUR New Wonderful Household Invention. Every housewife buys one. Samples and Terms by Mail 10c. Agents wanted. Write quick, no time to lose. Address, J. Cassgreen, Manufacturing Company, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED, male and female. To sell our new Kettle Cleaner. Entirely new; sells to every housekeeper. Also our Bread, Cake and Paring Knives, Carver, and Knife and Scissors Sharpener. No capital required. Easy sellers, big profits. CLAUSS SHEAR CO., Lock Box 324, Toronto, Ont.

POCKET PEN & PENCIL STAMP, WITH NAME, Club of 14 P. & P. Stamps, postpaid for $1.00 Bill. Self-Inker 20c. ... Markslinen, cards, &c. New Agts. big money. Terms free. 10c. Thalman Manufacturing Company 350 Balt Street Balto., Md. U. S. A

DONT Buy a Watch Or any Jewelry before seeing our New Catalogue. IT'S FREE. Write for one to R. B. MOWRY & Co. TORONTO CAN.

CARDS Send 10c. for a dozen of the finest and latest style Concealed Name Cards, with name. Lovely Book Mark with every package FREE STAR CARD WORKS. Woodstock, Ont.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

COUGH : EASY
BY TAKING
Eby's German Breast Balsam
You cough easy and soon are cured of cough.
WHAT PEOPLE SAY OF IT.
Mr. J. Howe, Port Elgin, says Eby's German Breast Balsam is the best cough medicine he has ever used.
Mr. D. F. Smith, Organizer Patrons of Industry, has no hesitation in recommending Eby's German Breast Balsam, the best medicine in existence for coughs and colds. Mr. Chas. Cameron, Underwood, says he got splendid results from using Eby's German Breast Balsam and recommends it highly.
Mr. John Hepner, Manager Port Elgin Brush Co., says: Eby's German Breast Balsam is an indispensable necessity in his household and recommends it as a valuable remedy for Coughs and Colds.
Put up in 25c. and 50c. bottles. Ask your druggists for it.

Ely's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail.

USE WIDE AWAKE SOAP.

Manufactured only by DAVID MORTON & SONS HAMILTON, ONT.

ISSUE NO 49 1893.

NOTE In replying to any of these advertisements please mention this paper.

Chronic Coughs
Persons afflicted with these or any throat or lung troubles should resort to that *Most Excellent Remedy,* Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. No other preparation effects such cures.
"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists. 50c. and $1.00.

MEN BE MEN. We send the marvelous French Remedy CALTHOS free, and a legal guarantee that CALTHOS will STOP Discharges & Emissions, CURE Spermatorrhea, Varicocele and RESTORE Lost Vigor. *Use it and pay if satisfied.* Address, VON MOHL CO., Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

---FOR SALE---
25 Farms for $1000 each,
13 " " $2000 "
7 " " $3000 "
14 " " $4000 "
Also some well situated properties in Chatham, Wallaceburg and Trenton.
TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASERS
For particulars apply to JOHN McCOY, Hamilton, Ont.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS AT VERY LOW PRICES. R. M. Pierce, of WEST BAY CITY, MICH., is agent for the celebrated KEYSTONE LANDS, in OGEMAW and ALPENA COUNTIES. OVER 13 000 ACRES of the very best land in the States can be had at low prices and on very reasonable terms. Fare one way paid on the purchase of 40 acres. Now is the time to get a home of your own. Write R. M. PIERCE, West Bay City, Mich.

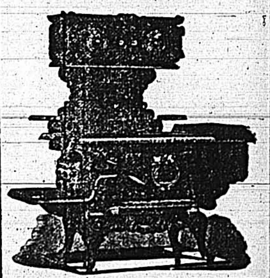
MANITOBA FARMS. NEAR WINNIPEG. Two to five dollars per acre. Why pay more? Torrens titles. Send for particulars or call on owner, F. PROUDFOOT, first door north of Post Office, Winnipeg, Man.

1,000,000 OF LAND for sale by the SAINT PAUL & DULUTH RAILROAD COMPANY in Minnesota. Send for Maps and Circulars. They will be sent to you FREE. Address HOPEWELL CLARKE, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

Ladies, Mother Green's Tansy Pills. Used by thousands. Safe, Sure and Always Reliable. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. From all Druggists or mailed, free from observation, on receipt of $1.00. Sealed particulars, 3 cents. LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, CAN

SAUSAGE CASINGS.
Best Imported English Sheep's Casings, also Prime American Hogs' Casings. Full lines Hams, Bacon, Lard, etc. Lowest prices to the trade. Park, Blackwell & Co. (Ltd.), Toronto, Ont.

"SOUVENIR"



STOVES AND RANGES
Made from ORIGINAL DESIGNS and PATTERNS.
They are Superb in Finish, and Superior in Quality of Material and Workmanship.
They Excel in Baking Qualities and in Economy of Fuel, and Convenience.
They are made to burn wood exclusively or coal and wood, and in a great variety of sizes, and are therefore adapted to the requirements of large or small families, in any part the Dominion.
Every stove warranted.
If you are in want of a cook stove or base burner, don't buy until you have seen this elegant line. Sold by leading stove dealers everywhere.
Manufactured by The GURNEY-TILDEN CO (LIMITED.) HAMILTON, ONT.

Wearyin' For You.

Jes' a-wearyin' for you—
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen.
Restless, don't know what to do—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Room's so lonesome with your chair
Empty by the fireplace there,
Jes' can't stand the sight of it!
Go out doors an' roam a bit;
But the woods is lonesome, too—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Comes the wind, with soft caress,
Like the rustlin' of your dress;
Blossoms fallin' to the ground
Softly, like your footstep sound;
Violets like your eyes so blue—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Mornin' comes; the birds awake;
Use to sing so for your sake!
But there's sadness in the notes
That comes thrillin' from their throats
Seem to feel your absence, too—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Evenin' comes; I miss you more
When the dark gloom's in the door
Seems jes' like you orter be
There to open it for me!
Latch goes tinklin'—thrills me through—
Sets me wearyin' for you!

Jes' a-wearyin' for you—
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen;
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Little Girls.

Where have they gone to—the little girls,
With natural manner and natural curls?
Who love their dollies and like their toys,
And talk of something besides the boys?

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners and old of mind,
Little old flirts who talk of their "beaus"
And vie with each other in stylish clothes.

Once in the beautiful long ago,
Some dear little children I used to know:
Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the "style" of their clothes,
They never imagined that boys were "beaus;"
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were they;
Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to! If you see
One of them anywhere send her to me.
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of those dear little girls of old.
With an innocent heart and an open smile,
Who knows not the meaning of "flirt" or "style."

JULIZA'S PROPOSAL.

THERE was a sewing circle and sociable in the little Baptist Church in Stony Brook. The sewing circle had begun early in the afternoon, the elder women had come with their best white aprons trimmed with knitted lace, and their needle books and thimbles in their pockets, and had sewed busily, gathering around the great wood stove in the vestry. It was a cold day. They sewed until dusk, then they lighted the lamps, warmed the tea and coffee, which had been brought ready made in great cans, and set out the buttered biscuits, the cold meat and the cake and pies. The young people began to flock in.

Only the young girls, with their carefully frizzed tufts of front hair, and their shining braids at the back, gathered around the stove; the young men stood aloof in stiff, amiable groups near the door. They made way for Juliza Peck when she entered, and she walked through them calmly, looking neither to the right nor left, and greeting none of them. Greeting young men in the aggregate at a sociable was not in the social code of the girls of Stony Brook. Juliza was a heavily built girl, with a back as broad as a matron's. She wore her best blue cashmere dress with rows of velvet ribbon over the bust, her mother's best brooch, which was black, with a beautiful little bunch of pearl grapes upon it, and new shoes, which creaked as she advanced.

There was a certain importance about her entrance. The young girls all stared around at her and whispered and several women in flaring white aprons spoke to her and asked where her mother was. Juliza replied with dignity that her mother had a cold and had not thought it prudent to come out.

"I s'pose you're all prepared," said one woman, whose thin, crimped hair was trained carefully over thin, flushed cheeks. She held a pile of plates under her arm. The plates rattled, her stiff apron crackled and her black silk glazed as she spoke with nervous haste and pleasantry.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Juliza.

"You mustn't make us all cry, the way you did before," said the women. Juliza laughed. When she approached a group of girls by the stove they all nodded stiffly, and she returned it.

"Goin' to speak to-night?" asked one of the girls after a little.

"Yes," said Juliza.

"Don't you dread it?" asked another.

"Not a mite."

"I don't see how you do it."

The girls all stared at Juliza as she stood in their midst, but she did not seem to realize it. Her dark brown hair curled naturally, and she had brushed it back crinkling from her fresh-colored face with its rounding profile, and had tied it in a bunch at the back. She warmed her hands, then she sat down; the girls did not talk to her any more. She was not in reality, although near their ages, a companion of theirs. She was an only child. She had lived alone with her parents, had never been to school nor associated with girls of her own age. The result was not shyness when she was brought in contact with them—she had too steady a nervous system for that—but a demeanor like that of a woman of fifty. She felt years away from the other girls, and they also felt it.

As she sat waiting she looked calmly over at the group of young men at the door. Frank Williams had come; she could see his shining blonde head above the others. He was quite tall, and his shoulders sloped boyishly in his best coat. She looked steadily at him, and presently he turned his eyes toward her. He did not speak, nor did she, but she could see a wave of red flush over his long throat and his smooth face. Juliza did not blush at all.

When they gathered around the supper table amid an embarrassed hush Juliza found herself far away from the other young people, next the minister. When the blessing had been asked by the minister towering over her, she looked around to see where Frank Williams was. He was sitting between two young girls at the lower end of the table. Juliza sat back and ate a hearty supper. After supper, when the table was cleared away, the entertainment began. There was playing on the parlor organ and singing; and then Juliza Peck spoke.

"There will now be a recitation by Miss Juliza Peck," announced the minister, and Juliza arose and went unflinchingly in her creaking shoes to the platform, took her position, bowed, and lifted up her voice. Her voice was heavy and low-pitched and she spoke with a solemn intonation; now and then she gestured deliberately. She spoke a long poem describing an heroic deed and a tragic death; people had their handkerchiefs to their faces. When she finished and stepped down from the platform there was a murmur of admiration all over the vestry—clapping was not allowed in the church. "Beautiful!" the women whispered to one another and nodded.

There was more music, then Juliza spoke again—she spoke three times in all—and the subdued enthusiasm grew stronger.

Juliza Peck's speaking was held in great repute in Stony Brook. It was quite generally believed that very few of the people who go round the country speaking for money in town halls could speak as well as she. Women had talked to Juliza's mother about it, but Mrs. Peck had shaken her head. "There ain't any need of Juliza's doing any such thing," said she, with dignity. "I'm willin' she should speak to accommodate as she does here in town, but I ain't willin' to have her go round speakin' in public. It ain't a woman's place, an' Juliza's got enough—she don't need to."

Juliza Peck was considered quite an heiress. There had been two aunts on her father's side who had been left widows with small properties. Juliza had been named for both of them by a judicious combination of Julia and Eliza and had inherited their money. She had quite a little sum in a savings bank and she owned a house in a neighboring village.

The sociable ended about 10 o'clock—there had been a little social time after the entertainment—then people began to go home.

Juliza pinned her mother's plaid long shawl firmly and comfortably over her shoulders and tied on her blue hood. The young men stood thickly around the outer door. Now and then, when a girl passed out, a young man left the group softly and slyly and followed her. When Juliza Peck appeared Frank Williams shrank back; several of the young men tried to push him forward, laughing, but he stood his ground. Juliza paused in the doorway and stood looking back at him calmly, as if waiting. The scuffle among the young men ceased; Frank Williams stepped forward and he and Juliza went out of the door.

An icy north wind came full in their faces when they turned into the road. The snow was drifted at the sides, so they walked in the middle of the sleigh ruts. Frank did not offer his arm to Juliza, and she plodded stolidly along at his side with her mittened hands warmly folded under her shawl.

"It's an awful cold night, ain't it?" said she presently. Frank grunted assent; his coat collar was pulled up over his ears, and his hands were in his pockets. Juliza kept looking at his dusky, forbidding figure.

"What's the matter?" said she.

"Nothin's the matter; why?"

"Don't you feel well?"

"Feel well enough."

"What makes you act so, then?"

"Act how? I didn't know I was actin' any way uncommon. I'm cold, and I want to get home."

"Yes, it is dreadful cold," said Juliza, soberly. "Your overcoat's thick, an't it?"

"Thick? I've been wearing it all winter."

"Look here, Frank; I've got on this scarf, an' I don't need it with this shawl; I wish you'd put it around your throat."

"No, I don't need it; my coat collar's warm enough."

"Now do."

"I don't need it."

Frank swung on so rapidly that Juliza panted keeping up with him. It was cloudy, but there was a full moon behind the clouds, so there was a soft, pale light over all the snowy landscape. It was a lonely road, and they had a mile and a half to go. Here and there back in the fields twinkled a light in some house window.

"Frank!" said Juliza.

"What say?"

"What makes you act so?"

"Act so? Well, if you want to know, mother's miserable. She's miserable the whole time. I hadn't ought to have come off and left her to-night, but she made me. She an't fit to do a thing about the house, and she won't have a hired girl. I don't believe mother'll ever be any better; she'll always be feeble; she's just the way her mother was for years. I'm tryin' to do the cookin,' but I don't make out much."

Juliza took out a hand from under her shawl and caught hold of Frank's arm. "Don't walk quite so fast," said she. "Look here!"

"What say?"

The young man's tone was softer than before, and he slackened his pace. Juliza looked up in his shadowy face. She had to speak quite loudly to be heard in the strong wind. "There an't but one thing to do," said she. "I'll come over there whenever you want me."

"You!"

"Yes; there ain't any need of me at home. Of course they'd miss me, but mother's real strong and well. I can come any time next week if you say so. I haven't much to do to get ready. I've got clothes enough. I never thought I'd want to lay in a great stock when I was married. Anyway, I always thought it was foolish."

"Juliza, you don't mean—"

"I mean I'll get married to you right away and come over to your house. That'll settle it. I'm a good cook and a good housekeeper; mother says I am." The young man fairly gasped and he trembled violently.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Juliza, "are you so cold as all that?"

"No, it ain't that. Juliza, you're awful good. I know you can cook splendid. I—don't know what to say. Oh, dear! I an't—thought about gettin' married yet awhile. That's the whole of it, Juliza. I'm just as much obliged to you."

Juliza stopped short. "You don't mean you don't want me to marry you, Frank Williams," she said.

"Why, see here, Juliza—"

"You don't mean it."

"Why, Juliza, you know if—I was goin' to marry anybody—I've always liked you first rate."

"I hadn't a thought but you wanted me to," said she, and began walking on. "I don't see what you'll do if I don't marry you."

"Oh, we'll worry along somehow. We'd better walk fast, Juliza, or we'll catch cold." He pulled Juliza's firm hand and arm closer against his.

"I ain't cold," said she, "it's you; you've been shiverin' most since we started. I guess we're most home. There's the light in the sittin'-room window."

Juliza's house came first on the brow of a long hill; the Williams home was close to it, and there was no other dwelling in sight either way. Frank and Juliza went to her side door; the front yard was blocked in with snow. Frank released Juliza's hand from his arm.

"You mustn't think I shall say anything about this to-night," he said in a hesitating voice; "I shall never speak of it."

"I don't care if you do," returned Juliza. "I haven't done anything I'm ashamed of. If anybody has it's you. I supposed you took it for granted I was goin' to marry you, an' I don't think you show much common sense about it. I don't believe anybody else would think so either."

"There's something to be considered besides common sense sometimes," said Frank, feebly. "They were a little sheltered in the south yard from the wind. Juliza's cat came mewing loudly around her feet.

"I begin to think there is," said Julia. "Well, it's for you to say, of course. I an't goin' in anywhere where I an't wanted, but I must say I'm surprised. Good night, Frank."

"Good night, Juliza." Juliza opened the door and let in the cat, then she stood looking for a moment after Frank's retreating figure and listening to the sound of his footsteps crunching the snow.

"Juliza! that you?" called a voice from the sitting-room, and she went in hastily and closed the door. When she entered the sitting-room she found her mother there alone, in the warm, light atmosphere, full of the odor of green, flowering plants; the windows were all set with tiers of them. There was a curious majesty about Mrs. Peck's large figure and long face. She wore her black hair in punctilious water waves around her temples. She sat in her rocking chair as if it were a throne, and her black cashmere skirt fell over her knees in stately folds. "You are pretty late, ain't you?" said she, and her voice was deep with solemn inflections like Juliza's.

"I don't know. The entertainment was pretty long."

"Did they act as if they liked your pieces?"

"Yes, I thought they did."

"Did anybody ask after me"

"Yes, a lot did."

"What did you tell 'em?"

"I told 'em you had a cold an' didn't think it was quite prudent to go out." Juliza's voice took on exactly the tone with which she had replied to the inquiring women. She had taken off her shawl and hood and was standing over the stove. Her face was all a deep, pink glow from the cold wind. "Mother," said she, suddenly, "what do you suppose the reason is that Frank don't want me to marry him?"

"Juliza Peck, what do you mean?"

"What I say. What do you suppose the reason is he don't want me to marry him?"

"How do you know he don't—what are you talking about?"

"He said he didn't just now."

"How came he to?"

"He was tellin' me how miserable his mother was an' what a hard time he had gettin' along, an' I said I was willin' to marry him an' go over there whenever he said. I knew you could get along without me."

"Juliza Peck, you didn't ask Frank Williams to marry you?"

"No, I didn't ask him; I told him I would."

"Do you know what you've done?"

"What?"

"What? You've made yourself the laughin' stock all over Stony Brook."

"I don't see why I have, I'm sure."

"Don't you know girls don't tell young men they'll marry 'em, unless they're asked."

"I don't see why they don't."

"You needn't tell me you don't know better than that!"

Juliza turned about and fronted her mother calmly.

"No, I didn't and I don't," said she. "I don't see why it's any worse for a girl to speak than 'tis for a man. I always supposed he wanted me to marry him, I've never wanted to marry anybody else, an' I knew his mother was so miserable and I'd have so much work to do, if I went there, that he'd think it was kind of mean to speak of it himself. I don't see a single thing to be ashamed of."

"He'll tell of it all over town."

"No, he won't, he said he wouldn't; an' I told him he could if he wanted to. I don't see what I've done to be laughed at. I don't think he's shown common sense."

Mrs. Peck looked at Juliza with angry eyes, black and full under her water waves. Juliza looked at her and never flinched.

"I should have thought your own modesty would have taught you."

"Modesty," returned Juliza in bewildered contempt, as if she didn't know what the word meant. "I think it's you that's immodest, mother. I'm too modest to see how I wasn't."

"Well, you've done it, that's all I've got to say," said her mother rising, "now you'd better go to bed. I've been sittin' up here waitin' for you this hour; your father went to bed at 9 o'clock. I feel like givin' up myself; a girl with all your advantages, with money at interest, an' speakin' the way you can, havin' a young man tell you right to your face he didn't want to marry you. I should like to know what he thinks he is—the Williamses warn't never much; they've picked up a little late years, but I remember the time when they was just as poor and low as they could be. Your father an' me look a good deal higher than he for you, I can tell him that."

"He's high enough for me," said Juliza, lighting her lamp.

"I'm ashamed of you," said her mother, fiercely.

"I an't goin' to run him down because he don't want to marry me." Then Juliza went up stairs to her own room slowly and ponderously.

The next morning she awoke with a firm resolution in her mind. "I'm going to know about this thing," she muttered to herself, and bore down heavily with her wet brush upon her crinkly front hair, then tied her bunch of curls with a jerk.

Her mother treated her with cold stiffness when she appeared downstairs; her father, who was an old man and very silent, ate his breakfast and then went away with a load of wood.

"Be sure you get back in good season," his wife called after him, standing in the door. "I want you to take me down to the village after dinner." The old man made no reply, but it was certain that he heard and would be home in good season. He never dreamed of disobeying his imperious wife, but covered his docility with taciturnity, which gave him a show of masculine dignity.

After the house work was done Mrs. Peck called Juliza into the sitting-room and drilled her in a new selection. She stood majestic in her morning calico, which swept about her like the robe of a tragedy queen, repeating the poem line by line and Juliza followed her, imitating the modulations of her voice. Her gestures she could not well imitate; there was something fairly impressive about the backward fling of her mother's head and the sweep of her great arms; her black eyes were full of energetic fire. "You plank your arm up an' down like a pump handle," said she; "your arm an't put in with a hinge, it's put in with your feelin's, when you're speakin'." Juliza worked her arm with patient vigor, but she could not equal her mother. "I s'pose it's because you're built so solid," said Mrs. Peck. "Well, you speak it pretty well. I thought it would be a good piece for the next sociable, if you don't get married."

Juliza answered not a word; she did not flush or look confused. She sat down and sewed silently on a dress she was making. She had a certain dignity of taciturnity like her father at times.

After dinner her father put the horse in the sleigh and her mother bundled herself in cloaks and shawls until she looked like a massive pillar standing in the doorway. "Look out for the fire, Juliza," said she, "an' you'd better study that last piece over some."

"Yes'm," said Juliza.

After her mother had gone she sat by the sitting room window and watched the snowy road stretching away in cold blue furrows where the sleighs had passed. Her hands lay idle in her lap. She sat there an hour, then she arose and got her shawl and hood. When she was trying on her hood at the sitting room glass she saw Frank Williams going by. She rushed to the window and pounded on it and beckoned.

He looked up, smiled and nodded confusedly and was passing on. Juliza had to reach between the flower pots and he could scarcely see her face behind them. She hurried to the front door, unlocked it and pulled it open with a desperate jerk, for the snow had frozen on the sill. "Frank!" she called out, "Frank Williams, come in here a minute; I want to see you."

The young man hesitated.

"Is it anything particular," he called back.

"Yes, 'tis. I've got to see you a minute."

"I've left mother all alone, an' I've got to go down to the store."

"I won't keep you but just a minute."

Frank turned up the path leading to the side door. Juliza kicked off the ridge of snow on the sill, pushed to the door, and went round to let him in.

"I can't stay but a minute," he said, and he looked sulky.

"I won't keep you but just a minute." Juliza led the way into the warm sitting room. She did not ask him to sit down; they stood confronting each other. "Father and mother have gone to the village," said she. "I've called you in because I wanted to ask you something and it was a good chance."

Frank was blushing; he looked down at his snowy boots, saw the snow melting on the carpet and thought fiercely to himself that he did not care if it was spoiled. He tried to smile. "Well," he muttered.

"Now, Frank, I want to ask you something, an' I want you to tell me the truth. I think you owe it to me. We've known each other ever since we were children; you're all the one I've ever known outside this house. You know mother never let me go to school nor play with the girls. You lived next door you know, an' she couldn't help it."

"What is it you want to know, Juliza," said Frank in a constrained voice.

"I want to know why you don't want to marry me?"

Frank threw up his chin with a jerk.

"See here, Julia Peck," he cried, "you may not know it, but you're doing a dreadful thing. How do you suppose I can answer you a question like that if I'm a man. You know I like you well enough; I always have, but, oh, dear, I don't know what to say."

"Is there anybody else you like better?" Juliza asked dimly.

Frank gave a sudden start and looked at her. "I don't know as there is."

"Who is it?"

"I tell you I don't know as there's anybody."

"Now, Frank Williams, you've got to tell me. You owe it to me. Is it any girl here in Stony Brook?"

"No, it isn't."

Juliza looked at him reflectively. "I know who 'tis," she said.

"No, you don't."

"Yes, I do, an' I'll tell you, too. It's that Lily Emmons that came here once with your cousin Jenny."

Frank blushed deeper; he cast a glance at Juliza that was almost piteous.

"I knew 'twas," said she; "you can't cheat me. She came here last summer. I remember her. She was real pretty; I never saw such pink cheeks as she had, an' she had a pink dress with cambric edging on it."

"It's no use talkin' about it," said Frank.

"Yes, there is, too. See here. Frank, have you asked her?"

"Asked her? I haven't seen her since she was here."

"Have you written to her?"

"No. Jenny's written to me about her—that's all."

"An' you've sent a word to her sometimes, haven't you?"

"Well, I don't know. I may have once or twice."

"Frank, you sit done here a minute—you've got to tell me about this." Juliza pulled forward a rocking chair and Frank settled into it. Juliza sat opposite. "Now," said she, "you tell me the whole story. Do you think she likes you?"

Frank looked at her like a bashful child, blushing and half smiling.

"Tell me all about it," said she.

"I never told a livin' soul, Juliza."

"That's all the more reason why you should. Did anything happen while she was here?"

"You know she wasn't here but two weeks with Jenny," began Frank hesitatingly. "I suppose you wouldn't think anything could happen in that length of time, but Jenny was with mother, an' she and I were thrown together a good deal, and we got acquainted fast. It seemed to me I never got acquainted with anybody so fast; an'—well, it was the day before she went away we walked down in the orchard, and I don't know how it happened, but we were standin' there under the trees, an' she was looking up at me, an'—well, anyway, I kissed her; an' just then Jenny came runnin' down through the field."

"Did she act mad?"

"No, I don't think she did. I was afraid she was, afterward, but she didn't act so."

"Of course she liked you, then."

"See here, Juliza—should you, if you'd been in her place—that is, if anyone had acted so by you? You're another girl, an' you ought to know."

"Yes, I should."

"Maybe she did like me a little, then. I can't see how she could. Oh, Juliza, wasn't she pretty?"

"She's prettier than any girl in Stony Brook."

"I guess she is." Frank's face was full of a tender radiance, his blue eyes looked up into Juliza's face with the love that belonged to the other girl. Juliza was now standing over him. "See here," said she, "why don't you write to her, or go to see her, or something?"

"Jenny asked me to come over to Hillbrook an' visit. She hinted somebody else would be glad to see me, she guessed, but I can't go."

"Why not?"

"I can't leave mother."

"You could write to that girl," said Juliza after a reflective pause.

"No, it's no use. I can't. I tell you what 'tis, Juliza, I have written fifty letters an' torn 'em up. I don't even know how to begin 'em."

"I should say, 'Dear Friend,'" said Juliza.

"Should you? Well, I don't know. You see, I wasn't sure she was in earnest that time in the apple orchard. I was afraid of writin' as if she was, and afraid of writin' as if she wasn't. Then I tried to write news, but there wasn't any. I had to give it up."

"I could help you write a letter, I suppose," said Juliza, "but I think you had better get ready an' go to Hillbrook, an'—I'll stay with your mother while you're gone."

"Oh, Juliza, you don't mean it?"

"Yes I do."

"Oh, I tell you what 'tis, Juliza, I never saw a girl as good as you are. I don't believe she is—at least I don't believe she's any better."

"I'd just as lives as not," said Juliza. "It an't anything. You get ready an' go, an' I'll come over any day. When do you want to go?"

Frank hesitated. "It's Thursday now," said he; "when do you think I'd better go?"

"Why don't you go to-morrow an' stay a week?"

"Had you just as soon come to-morrow?"

"I can come to-morrow just as well as any day."

"Well, then," said Frank, getting up, "I'll go home and tell mother. I guess she'll be willin'. She's always thought everything of you, Juliza."

"How is she to-day?"

"She's miserable."

"Don't she take any medicine?"

"Yes, she takes the doctor's medicine, an' then she has her own little doses. I've just been makin' her some anise seed tea."

When Frank went Juliza resumed her sewing and waited for her father and mother to return. It was dusk and she had lighted the lamp before they drove into the yard. Juliza opened the door and her mother came in panting, in a swirl of cold air. She had her arms full of bundles and she put them down on the lounge with emphasis.

"It's a terrible raw wind," said she; "I'm lucky if I don't get more cold." Suddenly she stood still and sniffed; her thick green veil moulded itself to her large features.

"What's that I smell?" she said, "anise?" Juliza made no reply.

"Yes, 'tis anise," repeated her mother. "You can't cheat me. Frank Williams has been in here. Mis' Williams is always havin' anise tea, and their clothes are always scented with it. Suddenly Mrs. Peck made a step forward, slipped up her veil, and peered down at the carpet. "What's that's great spot?" she cried out. "He's tracked in snow, an' you know water spots this carpet. I should think you were crazy, Juliza Peck. Why didn't you put a mat under his feet?"

"I didn't think."

"I should think you'd better think. There's that great spot on the carpet. What did he come in here for, anyway?"

Juliza stood looking at the spot. "He wants to go away for a few days, but he can't leave his mother. I—told him I'd go over there and stay with her, so he could go."

"You did" Juliza looked at the spot. "I guess you won't go a step, not if I know it."

Juliza had always been frank and artless, even to bluntness and stupidity. Now she suddenly displayed art which would have done credit to a diplomat. "He's goin' to his Cousin Jenny's," said she, "but he's really goin' to see that Emmons girl who was here last summer. If—I go over there to stay while he's gone, he won't think, an' nobody else will think, I want him."

Her mother looked at her sharply. She had taken off her veil and bonnet, the stiff water waves were unruffled, her cheeks were a purplish red with the cold wind. "If I ever hear anybody hint you wanted him they'll get a piece of my mind," said she.

The next morning Juliza went over to the Williams house. Her mother had made no further opposition. She even helped her off grudgingly. "Don't you try to work too hard," she said; "you make Frank draw you some water an' get in a stock of wood before he goes. I'll run over this afternoon an' see how you're gettin' along."

When Juliza entered the sitting-room of the other house she found Mrs. Williams sitting at the window in her rocking chair. She was a little woman, doubled up limply in pillows like a baby. Her small, gently querulous face was tear-stained, and she looked up pitifully at Juliza. "He's out in the kitchen shavin'," she said. "He's goin' on the 10 o'clock train."

"You an' I will get along first rate," said Juliza.

Mrs. Williams turned her face toward the window and wept feebly.

"Now, you mustn't feel so," said Juliza; "you'll make it dreadful hard for him. He won't take any comfort at all, if you do so."

"I don't know—anything about that—girl," sobbed Mrs. Williams.

"She's a real pretty girl an' Jenny knows her."

"I don't want him bringin' home a strange girl here and me not able to lift a finger. I don't see why he couldn't have married you if he'd wanted to marry anybody."

"Now, Mis' Williams," said Juliza, "you mustn't do so; it an't right. You want him to be happy, don't you?"

"Course I do. I want him to be happy more'n anything in the world; he knows I do."

"Then you mustn't take on so. Have you had any breakfast, Mis' Williams?"

"Yes, all I want."

Juliza laid her shawl and hood away in a closet. She began to straighten the furniture in the sitting-room and to set things to rights. Presently Frank came in, all ready, his black valise in his hand. He looked sharply at his mother, then he set the valise down heavily.

"Look here, mother," said he, "I an't goin' a step if you feel this way. I think more of you than I do of anybody else, an' I an't going to have you plagued."

Mrs. Williams began weeping again. Juliza caught up the valise, took hold of Frank's arm and pulled him out into the kitchen. "Now, you go right along," said she, "an' don't stop to argue. She's all right. She's only nervous. I'll look out for her."

"Oh, Juliza, do you really think I'd ought to go?"

"Of course I do. Don't you make any more words about it. Go in there, and kiss her, an' say good-bye, and don't make any fuss. Here, give me your hat while you go. It needs brushin'."

When Frank was fairly started Juliza stood at the kitchen window and watched him down the road with steady eyes, then she went back to Mrs. Williams in the sitting room. She had no easy task during the next week. The invalid's feeble nerves were all loose ends and quivering over her son's absence. Then, too, there was much to be done to put the house in order. Frank's housekeeping was eccentric; it seemed to Juliza that everything was where it did not belong. Mrs. Peck came over and helped her several times, but she had a cold and there was much stormy weather. Juliza had little leisure to grieve if she had wished to even at night. She slept in a room off of Mrs. Williams, kept a lamp burning and was ready to spring up at her slightest call.

The day Frank returned there was a heavy snow storm. It was dark at half past 4, and Mrs. Williams had gone to bed. Juliza was out in the kitchen. She had been baking biscuits and had just lifted the pan out of the oven when Frank opened the door. The minute she looked at him she knew. His face was all wet and rosy like a child's from the snow and the wind. He was trying not to smile, or rather laugh out with joy, but his whole face shone.

"Well, so you've got home?" said Juliza.

"Yes. How's mother?"

"She's pretty comfortable. She's just gone to bed."

Frank went up to the stove and stood over it. "You don't ask me how I got along, Juliza?" said he.

"How did you?"

"Well, I guess it'll be all right." Suddenly Frank flung up one arm on the shelf and rested his head on it. "Oh!" he called out, almost sobbing like a child, "I'm so happy! She liked me all along, ever since she was here. I don't know what I've done to deserve it. I can't believe it. Oh, I'm so happy it seems as if I couldn't live."

"I'm real glad for you," said Juliza. She was quite pale, but her voice was steady. She went into the pantry and brought out some cookies in a plate. The table was all laid for Frank's supper. "You'd better go in an' just speak to your mother," she said. "She must have heard you come in, an' she'd be nervous waiting."

"Well, I'll go in," said Frank, raising his head, and showing his radiant, quivering face. "Oh, Juliza! you've been the best friend to me I ever had in my life, comin' over here. I'll never forget it."

Juliza smiled. "I'd just as lives as not," said she. "Go in kind of quiet." The minute the sitting room door had closed after Frank, Juliza caught her shawl and hood from a peg, put them on, opened the door softly and sped out. Then she tramped sturdily down the snowy road toward the lights of her own home.

Frank was married some six weeks afterward at his bride's home in Hillbrook. The newly-wedded couple with quite a large number of relations came over to Stony Brook for a wedding party at the bridegroom's house. Juliza had a new black silk to wear and her mother made her take some of her money and buy a garnet breastpin. "You might just as well have things," she said with a defiant air. She thought to herself that Juliza looked better than the bride, but the bride was beautiful. She stood smiling and blushing beside Frank in her pink gown and her veil. Juliza had pinned on the veil—the bride had brought it over from Hillbrook in a box.

The evening was nearly over when Mrs. Peck came up to Juliza and took hold of her arm forcibly. "They want you to speak a piece," she whispered.

"Oh, mother! I don't believe I can to-night."

"Yes, you can, too; the last one. They all want you to. Mis' Williams does, an' Frank, an' she does, too. There! the minister is goin' to tell 'em."

There was a sudden hush. Then the minister spoke: "We will now listen to a recitation by Miss Juliza Peck," said he. "She has kindly consented to grace still further this happy occasion."

There was a soft clapping of hands. Juliza stood forward and bowed. She was exactly in front of the wedded pair. She began to speak, and she spoke as she had never done before. Her gestures were full of fire, every line of her form and face seemed to conform to the exigencies of the situation; her voice rang out with a truth that was deeper than her own personality. Everybody listened. The bridal pair were forgotten. When Juliza had finished everybody crowded around her; the mother stood aloof, proudly smiling. The beautiful bride told her she had never heard anybody speak so well. Frank stood close to her, and as soon as the others drew off a little he leaned over her and whispered:

"I want to tell you, Juliza," he said, "how much we thank you for everything you've done. I've told Lily about it, an' we both feel as if it's all due to you."

"I haven't done much."

"Yes, you have, an' there's another thing, Juliza. I want you to forgive me for—that night. I haven't told a soul, not even Lily, an' I never shall. I know you just meant to be kind, that was all."

Juliza smiled. She had the same proud lift to her head that she had when reciting. "It's all right," said she; "don't you worry."—*Mary E. Wilkins, in Chicago Times.*

Curious Condensations.

England has no silver mines.

Maine makes wooden bottles.

Alexander had four kinds of artillery.

Portugal's royal crown is worth $6,500,000.

A teaspoonful of baking soda, dry, will cure hiccough.

The assessed valuation of the States in 1890 was $24,249,585,804.

A Philadelphia hat dealer says there is least profit in selling silk hats.

Germany prohibits the employment of union men on government works.

The most extensive mines are those of Saxony. The galleries have 123 miles of length.

Emigration from European Russia to Siberia is on the increase, and reached 100,000 in 1892.

More than $1,000,000 is invested in club houses and duck-shooting facilities along the Chesapeake bay.

The observatory on Mont Blanc already reports proof that there is no oxygen in the atmosphere of the sun.

The largest private house in the British kingdom is Wentworth Wood House, which belongs to Earl Fitzwilliam.

Salmon fishing is prohibited in the State of Washington between 6 p. m. on Saturday and the same hour on Sunday.

In manufacturing occupations the average life of soapboilers is the highest, and that of grind-stonemakers the lowest.

Blamed on the Bacteria.

Bacteria are likely to be blamed for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Professor Schenck now maintains that what we call a "cold" is really due to the invisible pests. When one enters a cold room after being heated the bacteria in it flock to the warm body and enter by the open pores of the skin. Whatever may be said of the hypothesis, he seems to have proved by experience that bacteria in the neighborhood of a warm body moves toward it. The confirmed smoker may derive some comfort from the fact that tobacco is inimical to them.

At Port Elgin on Saturday nominations for vacancies in the Legislature were made as follows: J. Pierson by the Liberals, John George by the Conservatives and D. McNaughton by the Patrons of Industry. Speeches were made by the candidates and Messrs. Jas. McMullen, M. P., R. J. Davis, M. P. P., A. F. Campbell, M. P. P., G. F. Marter, M. P. P., C. A. Mallery and T. O. Currie.

Belleville harbor was frozen over on Friday night.

MONTREAL SHAKEN UP.

The Earthquake Strikes Terror Into the Hearts of the People.

ALARMING SCENE IN COURT.

Judge, Jury, Officers and Prisoners Flee for Their Lives—School Children Rush Into the Streets—What Caused the Quake?—Former Quakes.

Many of the tall buildings on St. James street and in the central part of the city shook violently and their occupants in many cases rushed to the streets hatless and coatless in great alarm.

Cornwall reports that the heaving of the ground there at 11.55 was plainly visible.

In Montreal people in the Board of Trade and Corn Exchange were so alarmed over the rocking of the building that they cleared out on the streets. In the narrow streets, like St. Francois Xavier, people rushed out, looking up fearfully as though expecting the stone walls to fall on them.

It was the worst shaking up Montreal has had for many a day.

In the Public Schools the children were panic-stricken, and stampeded to the street along with their teachers and masters. The crockery in the stores and restaurants got badly rattled, and made fatal movements to the floor, and in some cases windows were cracked. Rumors were rife that the gas works had blown up; that the Nelson monument had been blown into the clouds; that there had been a terrific explosion somewhere. People guessed vaguely that the shock was an earthquake, but nobody could be sure, and everybody waited for further developments. Very soon the news poured into newspaper offices from all parts of the city and various parts of the Province and adjoining States. From all over the city reports ran much the same. The earth quaked, buildings shook, windows cracked, crockery was smashed and tables and chairs moved. People were panic-stricken.

In the City Hall the employees rushed out of their offices into the corridors with consternation on their countenances. Massive walls shook, big iron safes rocked, and everything in the building took upon itself more or less the appearance of a ship at sea. At the Central Police Station the protectors of the public from violence found themselves utterly incapable of grappling with the unlawful outbreak, and retreated in anything but a masterly or graceful manner. There were also exciting scenes in the civil courts and public offices, which were soon emptied of their contents.

SCARED THE COURT.

One of the most thrilling scenes caused by the shock was witnessed at the Court of Queen's Bench, which was in session at the time. The windows of the court room shook and rattled as if they would break into thousands of pieces. The massive iron posts trembled like reeds, the floor shook as though the strain upon it was too heavy to bear. So great was the noise made by the shaking that the witness on the stand could not be heard speaking. Large pieces of falling plaster added to the din and terror of the scene. A stampede was the result. His Honor Judge Wurtele, [illegible] from his seat and ran for safety into his private room; the jury, regardless of the duty they had been sworn to perform, made madly for the door, leaving their hats and coats behind them. The police, witnesses, officers of the Crown, lawyers, reporters, in fact, one and all, ran for dear life to escape the horrible fate which they now felt threatened them. The policeman in charge of a prisoner named Groot, who is charged with embezzling a large sum of money, ran away, leaving his charge to take care of himself. He did so, and was found when the panic was over standing on Notre Dame street in a dazed condition. The anxiety of the crowd to reach the door would have been amusing had the threatened danger been less dreadful. Heavy benches were overturned as though they had been made of matchwood instead of solid oak. Two men got hopelessly mixed up with the overturned benches; one man was clearing away with three overcoats, none of which were his own, while another frugal individual in his terror had grabbed two hats which were two or three sizes too small for him. One well-known Judge, in his haste to get out of one of the lower courts, got a pretty bad fall. High Constable Bissonnette, who was in the Court of Queen's Bench, kept his presence of mind and begged the crowd not to rush for the doors, which, however, were soon jammed with a mass of struggling humanity.

A GENERAL ALARM.

The streets were soon crowded with people issuing from every shop, office and public department. Everyone had the same question to put: "What is it?" and nobody seemed to have a ready reply. At this moment the salvage wagon, answering a fire alarm, rushed down Notre Dame street and this at once gave rise to a rumor that a terrible explosion had taken place at the gas works. Then came another report that the powder magazine on St. Helen's island had exploded, and quite a number of people rushed down to the wharves to see for themselves. A report was also circulated that a successful attempt at blowing up Nelson's monument had just taken place. All these and other similar rumors were soon abandoned, however, when the news from outside confirmed the fact that the city had simply had its share of an earthquake shock felt all over the Province and in the adjoining States. The shock was felt at exactly thirteen minutes to 12, and the earthquake appeared to be northeast and southwest. Fortunately, no serious accidents resulted.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON'S OPINION.

Sir William Dawson, one of the greatest living authorities on geological subjects, when asked to-day his opinion of the earthquake, said it was no doubt the result of a settlement or giving way in the rocks along the junction of the Laurentian and Silurian formations. From what he can judge, the present earthquake came from a great depth and nearly vertically. The shock was very pronounced, and was followed by a rumbling noise, which indicates the depth at which the settlement took place. These shocks are not uncommon in Canada, but take place much more frequently and are much more severe in the autumn than in other seasons.

PREVIOUS EARTHQUAKES.

Montreal has experienced several very acute earthquake shocks, but to-day's shock was probably the worst ever recorded. In 1870 an earthquake shook the city and caused considerable alarm. On January 4th, 1871, a shock was experienced at Hawkesbury, on the Ottawa River, but was not reported from any other place. There was a more extensive earthquake on May 22nd, 1871, that prevailed from the city of Quebec to the western part of Ontario, an even more severe one than that on November 4th, 1877. At Montreal there was only one distinct shock, preceded by the usual rumbling noise, and sufficiently severe to be distinctly felt, and to shake window sashes and other loose objects, causing them to vibrate for several seconds. It seemed to be limited to the area along the River St. Lawrence, extending from near Three Rivers on the east to Kingston on the west, in a direction transverse to the St. Lawrence, extending from Ottawa to the southern part of New England. On August 21st, 1879, there was a shock which was felt through Lower and Upper Canada. Another earthquake was experienced on November 29th, 1880, and was felt at Quebec and various places on the Lower St. Lawrence, and also at Ottawa. There was a slight shock in April, 1880. On May 31st, 1880, there was another. This was an unusual period of the year, and it was felt throughout the Province of Quebec. In 1882 an earthquake was experienced in the Lower Provinces, and in March, 1885, a shock was felt throughout the Province of Quebec. In April of the same year one was felt at Murray Bay and in Vermont. In June, 1887, still another was felt on the lower St. Lawrence and at Quebec. Earthquakes were quite a feature in 1888, there being no less than four during that year. On January 11th the shock was felt throughout Quebec and Ontario, in February there was a very slight shock, in July another, and still another in November of the same year. The last shock was experienced at about three o'clock in the morning of September 26th, 1890.

TRAMPS ATTACK A TRAIN.

They Have Two Battles With Trainmen and Get Small Booty.

NONE OF THEM WERE ARMED.

It was however brought to an unsuccessful end by the heroic resistance of the trainmen, who fought a constant battle during the run of ten miles from Elkhart here. The first of No. 60 pulled out of Elkhart last night at 10.23 with orders to run to Ligonier without stop.

All seemed well with the train, but when about a mile from Elkhart the conductor, John Hickok, and two brakemen were attacked by a band composed of eight burly tramps, who, it is since learned, boarded the train at Elkhart and had been concealed between the cars. They overpowered the crew and were proceeding to disconnect the last ten cars when the crew, assisted by the engineer and firemen, again secured control of the train.

A second attempt was made four miles further on and from that point into Goshen, a run of four miles, a desperate fight was waged between the eight robbers and the crew. Conductor Hickok, who knew the imminent danger No. 12 was in of running into the freight, once urged the brakemen and extra Conductor Campbell, who happened to be on the train until the train reached the Goshen yards. The battle for the control of the train was desperate for the last four miles, and Conductor Hickok was badly bruised and pommelled, as was also one of the brakemen, who resides at Elkhart. The robbers secured four watches and all the money belonging to the crew. The engineer was sent for help, and officers were quickly upon the scene.

That the eight robbers who were upon the train when it arrived in the Goshen yards should escape seems incredible, but such is the fact owing to the dazed condition of the crew, and the alarm of those here as to the cause of stopping they all escaped. Two were subsequently captured, and the sheriff and a posse are at present in hot pursuit of another. Henry Simmerman was arrested within the city limits, and later in the morning William Conn was captured. These two are now in custody here. A posse of officers and Lake Shore detectives are scouring the surrounding country for the remaining six.

The plan of the robbers was one which would, had it been successfully carried out, have incurred great loss of life and money. They were endeavoring to leave eight or ten cars of the freight on the track, into which they expected No. 12, which was following close after, would smash. In the subsequent wreck, it is surmised that the wreckers expected to get away with considerable booty from the express car.

John Newell came from Chicago at noon to-day, and was in conference with the attorneys of the road, Messrs. Baker & Miller. A reward of $4,000 will be posted all over the surrounding country in the morning for the arrest and conviction of any one of them. H. Simmerman denies everything, saying that he came to Goshen from Elkhart on the Ping last night, but the inconsistency of the stories he tells is almost proof of his guilt. The conductor of the Ping swears that he was not on his train last night. Simmerman also stated that he bought his ticket at Elkhart and paid 25 cents for it, while the regular fare is 30 cents. His home is in Kendallville, and he has been in the employ of the Chicago and St. Paul road. In his shoe was found four silver dollars, which was the amount taken from the engineer, while Conn had in his possession $12, the amount of which Conductor Hickok was relieved. Conn claims Benton Harbor as his home and claims he is tramping to Fort Wayne in search of employment. He does not state, however, why it is necessary to tramp with $12 in his pocket.

A singular feature of the affair is that none of the gang carried weapons of any kind, which would make it appear that it was a gang of needy tramps organized for the most desperate and heartless kind of plunder. The two who are in custody will say little. They are hard-looking specimens of manhood, strong and hearty, and desperate resistance was offered by Conn when caught.

Johnnie and the Jam.

A fond mother of a smart boy, after making a lot of jam, labeled the pots, "Gooseberry jam—put up by Mrs. Mason." Johnnie soon discovered the shelf on which they were deposited, and fell to work. Having emptied one of the jars, he took his school pencil and wrote underneath the label:

"Put down by Johnnie Mason."

The Austrian steamer Szent Laszlo, bound for Rouen, France, has been lost off the coast of Portugal. No details are given. She was a vessel of 960 tons.

It is stated at the Foreign Office at London that there is no truth in the report that the Marquis of Dufferin would succeed Sir Julian Pauncefote at Washington.

The Austrian Government has resolved to make a large increase in the Austrian artillery forces from the first of the year. Forty-two new regiments will be added.

Mr. C. A. Geoffrion, Q. C., was tendered a lunch at Montreal on Saturday on the occasion of his 50th birthday. The chair was occupied by Mr. Laurier.

A HAMILTON MAN'S DEATH.

Half Roasted, He Falls From a Fifth Story Window.

DASHED TO PIECES BELOW.

Harrowing Story of the Great Detroit Fire—Brad. Dunning's Awful Fate—A Spectator's Story.

HORRORS like that of the Edson, Moore & Co. fire come so swiftly as to confuse the senses of the most stoical person and will never be forgotten by those who saw it from beginning to end. Eye-witnesses are just arriving at a clear conception of the order of the events and can now tell the story of the fire just as it occurred, depicting all the vivid scenes of terror that succeeded one another faster than the mind could comprehend them at the time. One who was passing Hoffman's drug store, at the corner of Jefferson avenue and Bates street, about 1 o'clock, heard sounds of commotion in the dry goods house of Edson, Moore & Co., across the way.

"I looked up," said he, "and saw the clerks on the upper floors running about as if they had gone mad with fear. They began to rush into the street, coatless and hatless, shouting 'Fire!' in strained voices. Looking up I saw jets of smoke spouting from every crevice of the windows on the fifth floor.

"A second later a front window was thrown up and a wild figure appeared in it with blackened face. The man was gasping for breath. He had a coil of rope on his arm. Leaning far out over the window sill he looked at

THE AWFUL DISTANCE

between himself and the stone pavement below. Then he glanced backward. As he did so the smoke rushed out, enveloping him in a thick cloud, from which dark red tongues of flame began to leap. The man seemed lost.

"An instant later the rope came whizzing downward and out of the cloud of smoke the man was seen descending hand over hand, with one foot held in the coil of the life-line. Before he had descended ten feet, the window he had left was choked with flame and it seemed as if the rope must part before he could descend. He paused at the next floor, hoping to enter, but the interior was a fiery furnace.

"From there he came with a rush, the rope burning his hands with the friction of his descent. He touched the ground in safety, and as he did so the slender cord that had saved him descended, burned in twain where it had crossed the window ledge."

This man was Edward Pashe, of No. 766 Antoine street. He was a checker in the shipping department and was the last man to leave the fifth floor alive.

"He ran into the lower floor, gave the alarm and a moment later was lost in the crowd that poured down every avenue leading to the fire.

"He had hardly touched the ground when another man appeared at one of the upper windows on the Bates street side of the building. His face was blackened, his hair and beard singed, and he wrung his hands that were blistered by the fire. He laid himself across the window-sill, holding his head as low as possible to escape the deadly gases from within. Those who saw his face will never forget the look of despair as the doomed man looked down upon the helpless crowd below.

"Still another horror came. The glass was beaten from the second window beyond where this man lay, and another man writhing with pain dragged himself upon the narrow stone ledge that lay between an awful drop to certain death and the seething, crackling mass of flames behind him.'

"There was a panic in the street below. The appealing faces of those two men looked down into a sea of upturned faces that must have reflected their coming doom.

BRADLEY'S DEATH.

"'Hold on! For God's sake, hold on!' roared the crowd with one voice. 'The hook and ladder truck is coming to save you.'

"The sound of clanging bells came nearer and nearer, the mad clatter of galloping horses told that they were flying like the wind. Shouts of 'Clear the way!' were heard, and men ran into the middle of the street waving the department on with frantic gestures.

"But who can stay the power of the elements when once they assert their might! Blacker and thicker rolled the smoke above the two figures whose whole world was cramped to the narrow space of a window ledge, whose span of life was reduced to a few moments. The smoke was driven away and behind it came roaring flames that meant instant death. A faint cry came from the first man who appeared. Stalwart policemen threw some bales of jute beneath him and turned away their heads. The man lowered himself until he hung by his hands above the awful gulf, but the window sill grew roasting hot. One hand shrivelled and lost its hold. He swung slowly around, still clinging by the other, then that gave way and the man came down with the speed of an arrow, striking the bale with terrific force. He bounded into the air again and was caught in a dozen strong arms as he sank to the pavement. The broken body of Bradley A. Dunning was picked up and hurried to Hoffman's drug store.

M'KAY'S FALL TO DEATH.

"One man was still left hovering above with faint hopes of a rescue. On came the hook and ladder truck, and the ladders were torn from it in an instant. Before one could be raised to the lofty height the awful moment came. Human endurance had reached its limit and James McKay looked down for the last time upon the crowd below. His clothing blazed up as the firemen ran beneath the window with a life net. Then he seemed to roll senseless from the smoking window ledge and an instant later he came whirling down into the life net with such force that it dashed him to the ground and he lay crushed and bleeding in the midst of the crowd. He uttered a few unintelligible words and then sank into the unconsciousness from which he never rallied.

"McKay was hurried into the Emergency Hospital ambulance and Dunning was taken away by the Harper ambulance. The latter spoke a few words to those around him. Friends in the drug store poured brandy into his mouth, but he murmured: 'That's enough; no use,' and swooned away."

There were other scenes that were spared the people in the street. Five other lives went out amid the flame and smoke, and but one other

WAS SEEN TO DIE.

Employees of Kuttnauer, Rosefield & Co. hurried to the upper windows to see the awful sight and were fascinated with terror. Through the last window toward the river —the second beyond McKay—they could see a man groping his way through the thick smoke, creeping on all fours toward the window. He reached the window sill and laid one arm across it, but a merciful Providence cut short his sufferings. He leaned his head against the inner edge of the window for a moment like one in a swoon. Then a great billow of flame dashed against him, wreathing him in its fiery folds and that moment his spirit went upward through the smoke. His pain was over and his lifeless body sank slowly to the floor. For a time the window was obscured with flames, but later, when the roof allowed them to sweep away before the west wind, they could see the inanimate body blazing where it lay.

Mr. Dunning in Hamilton.

Sixteen or eighteen years ago Brad. Dunning was one of the most popular young men in Hamilton. He was then employed in the general offices of the old Great Western Railway, where he was a great favorite. He went to London from here, and from London to Detroit. His wife was formerly Miss Minnie Turner, who at one time lived here, where she met Mr. Dunning. His mother and sister lived at that time in Burlington, and are still there. Miss Dunning keeps a millinery store in the heart of the village, and her mother lives with her. Mrs. Dunning is a woman of about 80 years, and is at present very ill with inflammation of the lungs.

The deceased had no family, but lived with his wife at No. 10 Labrosse street. They were a happy, contented couple. Mrs Dunning is heart-broken, and her grief is pitiful. Mr. Dunning had been in the habit of taking his noon-day meal down town, but he decided to change and on Thursday for the first time in months he took dinner at home. He said it was lonesome eating by himself down town, and he was in good spirits when he finally left the house, unconsciously to go to his death.

Washing Out the Stomach.

During the past year, says the *Scientific American*, several physicians in New York have tried, with a gratifying success, a novel treatment for dyspepsia and cancer of the stomach by washing out that organ. The process is very simple and not dangerous. A long flexible pipe is passed down the throat until one end is in the stomach. The upper end has a funnel attached, into which hot water is poured until the stomach is filled. The weight of the water in the pipe and funnel gives a hydraulic pressure sufficient to distend the stomach. The pipe has an aperture big enough to hold a lead pencil. After the stomach has been filled, the funnel end of the pipe is turned down until it is lower than the bottom of the stomach, and the stomach is emptied as a barrel of any fluid is emptied through a siphon. The process may be repeated several times. The result is that the undigested food and mucus are washed out, and the hot water closes the blood vessels and reduces inflammation. The relief is immediate. The dyspeptic may have his stomach washed out before a meal, so that he can take a fresh start. After the lapse of a sufficient time for ordinary digestion, the stomach may be washed out again. This process has been in use at the New York Hospital, we are informed, for some time.

Good Manners in Children.

It is no wonder that there are so many ill-bred men and women in the world when one sees the lack of pains taken by parents to instruct their little ones in forms of table and social etiquette that are so easily taught to the pliable infant mind, but which, left unnoticed, are soon supplanted by actions that become bad habits in a very short time. Selfishness is fostered easily through a lack of watchfulness. The gentler courtesies that count for so much are not instilled in childhood, and in later years the man or woman is regarded as a bore. Good clothes are not everything. Even good health is not the only point desirable in a child's make-up. Good manners should be added to health and attire in order to gain a perfect ensemble that counts for so much in the world's judgment. No one can estimate how great a factor in life is the possession of good manners. They are the open sesame to the best of society. They are the mark of the gentleman or lady, but they must be acquired in infancy.

Safer in ta Hielan's.

Scene—Colliery village in the north of Scotland. Collier (Lowlander), employed in the mine near by, is discovered standing by the open door of his cottage, in conversation with the village policeman (of Highland origin). Policeman—"Well, and how will she do to-day, whateffer?" Collier—"Brawly, man, brawly." P.—"And will she pe working pelow ta ground so far as this, where ta hooses will pe?" C.—"Tuts, man, no. It's a' bose (empty) below here, lang syne." P.—"Bose! My oh! And if she was bose, what for was she no fall in to pe.sure?" C.—"Fa' in! Och no, it'll ne fa' in, sae long as the water's below it, ye see." B.—"Water!—water! Oh, dear, if ta water was to try up! A pody would pe far safer in ta Hielan's whateffer, forby."

Tablecloth of the Cape of Good Hope.

A frequent atmospheric phenomenon at Cape of Good Hope is a queer mist which overhangs Table Mountain, and is known as "the tablecloth." The mists which gradually collect over the mountain spread their surface over the perpendicular sides of the towering pile of rocks, dropping over the edges in folds, exactly like a piece of fabric. Then the winds begin to roar and last fragments from the edges of the "cloth," until it is finally torn to pieces. This singular atmospheric freak is usually seen on the afternoons of very hot days.—*Worthington's Magazine.*

Charlemagne's Rosebush.

The oldest rosebush in the world is at Hildesheim, in Hanover. It was planted more than 1,000 years ago by Charlemagne in commemoration of a visit made to him by the ambassador of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid. After it had become a flourishing vine a cathedral was built over it. It is known, however, that a coffin-shaped vault was built around its sacred roots in the year 818, the vault and bush surviving a fire which destroyed the cathedral in 1146. The bush is now 26 feet high and covers 30 feet of the wall. The stem, after 1,000 years' growth, is only two inches in diameter.—*Worthington's Magazine.*

Live rattlesnakes are sold for $1 a snake by peddlers in the streets of Southern California towns. Buyers are found among persons who want to tan the hides for various uses, and each buyer can kill his snakes in the manner that he regards most conducive to the preservation of the skins' colors.

The villain in Rider Haggard's latest romance tumbles down a volcano. After committing seventeen murders and several misdemeanors he was seeking a drop of the crater.!

GUITEAU AS A PROPHET

The Assassin's Prophecy of Blaine's Career and End.

HIS STRANGE THEOLOGY.

His Theory of the Universe—Garfield a Puppet in Blaine's Hand—He Was a God's Man. "Dead Sure"—The Preacher's Story.

Rev. W. W. Hicks, who was the spiritual adviser of Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, has recently consented to give the story of his relations with that strange specimen of humanity. The following is culled from the story:

"Ordinarily, said Guiteau, political conditions would not justify such an act, but in this case I did so.

A human life is nothing.

"Get it out of your mind that Garfield was more than anybody else. He was a good sort of fellow, but without strength or fixed purpose. He was in fact becoming a mere puppet in Blaine's hands, and, without intending it, was surely running his country and Administration on the rocks of disaster. Blaine was the Mephistopheles, and his intention was to rule or ruin. He did not care for Garfield, but was using him for his own ends. God permitted me to see all this, and there was fastened in my mind the necessity of Garfield's removal as the one way out."

"If you knew that Mr. Garfield was simply a puppet in Blaine's hands, and that Mr. Blaine was concocting treason and ruin, why did you not remove Blaine instead of Garfield? Why did you select the innocent victim for removal and pass by the guilty 'Mephistopheles'?"

"I obeyed God's inspiration and not my own motive. But reason enough may be found in the fact that

"First—Garfield was surely to die and Blaine was not; and

"Second—In killing Garfield I killed Blaine's power and dethroned him forever, and yet permitted him to live, to think and to see the frustration of his purposes; and to be despised by all men for his treason which I unmasked. I tell you Blaine is the deadest man in the world to-day.

A STARTLING PROPHECY.

"I will picture to you the end of Blaine. His ambition is unbounded. He will stop at nothing to gain his ends. He means to be President, and will fool his party into his plans. But he will never be President. Scheme as he will, plan as he may; magnetize his grandest, he will fall short—very short it may be—but he will die the victim of his own ambition, broken, broken, broken, like the reed in the tempest, and will never be President. And he will owe all to me—to my inspiration—my inspiration—do you hear? My inspiration.

Guiteau insisted that I should enter upon the systematic study of his theology. To make it more interesting he had embodied his views in a poem, written under special inspiration. Here it is:

HEAVEN AND HELL.

The Almighty created all things,
Save his great personal antagonist,
The Devil, or Evil One.
The life of these
Invisible persons
Never began, and
Never will end.
This makes Heaven and Hell.

The Almighty had power
To create this Universe
But had no power
Or disposition
To create the Devil.
Ordinary Theology teaches
He created the Devil.
I say this is a libel on the Almighty.
Why should He create evil!

This world was created
To enable the Almighty
And the Devil
To test their strength
In the person of Jesus Christ.
They fought it out.
The Almighty and Christ triumphed!
They overcame the Devil.
Man by faith in Christ
Can do the same.

To Heaven or Hell, all men must go.
The link to Heaven is,
God, Christ, Man!
To Hell,
The Devil and man

Most people go to Hell,
"The world lieth
In the Wicked One."
Narrow is the way to Heaven.
Few find it.

In Heaven
God rules.
In Hell,
The Devil!
In this world,
Sometimes, God rules,
Sometimes the Devil!
Six thousand years
Or more
God and the Devil
Have propagated,
Their kind.
God created Adam and Eve,
Satan came,
Eve fell
Adam, too!
And there came trouble to Mankind.
Devils were propagated!
Man got so wicked.
The Almighty carried the day.
He gave man life,
The flood came,
Man started again,
But no better!
So Men and Devils
Have propagated their kind,
From Noah's time
To this,
Nearly two thousand years ago,
The Almighty, undismayed,
Sent His only Son
To atone for man's wickedness.
Fools and devils
This Son crucified.
Why was Christ crucified?
Some say:
"The Divine economy required it."
I say:
God had no power to prevent it!
Man had power to kill God's Son,
They did it,
And paid well for it!
God always makes men pay well
If they harm His man.

The Almighty had power
To raise "Jesus of Nazareth."
And He did it!
Without Christ's Resurrection
Where would all dead men be
To-day?
Destroy the Devil,
And this world
Would be a paradise.
Is a splendid place;
Anyway,
Devil and all!
But the Devil cannot be destroyed.
God cannot do it.
Man cannot do it.
So men jog along!
Some to Heaven,
Most to Hell,
And that's the end of Man!
The Almighty is infinitely
Pure, and Wise, and Good.
He is almost omnipotent.
But not quite!
He would be entirely omnipotent
Were it not for the almost equal
Cunning and power
Of His uncreated Antagonist,
The Devil, or Evil One.
So it is,
And such is man's life.
I answer:
In the grasp of the Devil,
That is, in hell!
Even with God's power,
And Christ's sacrifice,
Many are there now.
They did not
Believe in Christ
And live.
For this they went below!

How did Christ know
He was God's man?
He knew it from the fact of His existence
Outward signs were against Him.
He had no money, and no friends.
He was hated, despised and
Finally crucified, as a vile impostor.
Yet He never denied His divinity.

"My Father and I are one."
This made the Jews howl,
But Christ stuck to it.
They killed Him and went below—
Christ above.
Because the Almighty
Was backing Him.

Christ's egotism was stupendous
His talk was: I, I, I, I,
Me, me, me, me.
All God's men are terrible egotists.
It must be so, from their mission.
They have ideas others have not;
They talk and preach,
And tell what great things they will do,
And that makes them egotists;
But time rightens that.
Men may put your body in the ground.
That ends their power!
Your name and work will
Thunder down the ages,
And God will reckon with them!

Christ came
"Satan also."
"When I would do good,
Evil is present with me."
This shows how this world is run.
It is run
On the God-Devil-Man combination!
God has a Devil to fight,
So has man!

All the evil in this world
Comes from the Devil.
Every move
God makes is modified, somewhat,
By the Devil.
These two forces strike,
And the result is often different
From what the Almighty intends.
So long as man is a free agent,
It cannot be otherwise.
Man is possessed by
Good and Evil.
If he is Christ's seed,
Good predominates,
And he lands in Heaven!
If he belongs
To the Devil's seed,
He goes below.

The Judgment will fix
Every man's place;
Whether he go above,
Or below.
To one or other all men
Must surely go!

CHARLES GUITEAU.

U. S. Jail, June 14th, 1882.

I walked home from this interview a very sad and sorely perplexed man.

EFFORTS TO SAVE THE MURDERER.

Guiteau had prepared a paper to be submitted to the President, and as it met the approval of Mr. Reed, one of his attorneys, indeed it was written at his suggestion, he desired me to present it to the President, which I agreed to do. The paper is characteristic, but less so than most of his writings. Here it is:

PRESIDENT ARTHUR:

Mr. Reed has just informed me that Justice Bradley has denied my application for a habeas corpus. I am somewhat surprised, as it would seem to be contrary to law.

Before Mr. Reed came I had just finished a long talk with our mutual and very dear friend, Rev. Dr. Hicks. I desire him to express to you my views and feelings as to my position. I am entitled to a full pardon, but I am willing to wait for the public to be educated up to my views and feelings in the matter. In the meantime I suffer in bonds as a patriot.

I have concluded to acquiesce in Mr. Reed's suggestion that you respite me until January, so the case can be heard by the Supreme Court in full bench.

I understand public opinion is changing in my favor, and by January it may be still further enlightened as to my inspiration. I am willing to die for my inspiration; but it will make a terrible reckoning for you and this nation.

I made you and saved the American people great trouble, and the least you can do is to let me go, but I appreciate your delicate position, and I am willing to stay here until January, if necessary.

I am God's man in this matter. That is dead sure.

In Saturday's *Star* I published a poem on "God's Ways," to which I call your critical attention. It is true, every word, so help me God. With great respect, very sincerely and cordially,

CHARLES GUITEAU.

United States Jail, Washington, D. C., June 19th, 1882.

THE PRISONER ASLEEP.

I found a haggard face waiting for me in the gloomy cell on the 21st of June.

I informed him of all that I knew, and particularly of the appeal that had been or was about to be made to the President in accordance with his own note—which the President possessed—but that the appeal was based on the ground of insanity by those who presented it. For some time he was lost in thought, and then said, "That is all wrong, although they mean well."

"It is hard enough," he said, "to be branded a felon and to be subjected to the felon's fate, but it is worse to be declared a fool, a lunatic! It was an insult to God and a humiliation that he resented and refused to submit to."

He consented after some opposition, and, persuading him to stretch himself on his cot, I sat beside him, put my hand on his throbbing temple, and in a few moments I was relieved to find my distracted charge in the merciful arms of sleep.

I sat there a long time studying that face in its quiet repose, while the guard in the corridor ceased his march and wondered. A child could not rest more peacefully on its mother's bosom than he seemed to on that rude cot in the murderer's cell, while not a murmur, not a twitch, not an audible breath gave sign that he was not asleep forever!

If you did not know that you were looking upon the slayer of Garfield you might easily say: "So he giveth his beloved sleep."

The "Everlasting Rose."

Here is an item from the "London Court Journal": A diligent recorder of "fashions" insists on the fact that many men are now wearing "a little button-hole sand of a bright scarlet color, which is called an everlasting rose." Of course nothing has been seen of this adornment in the west of London, and it is possible that the discoverer has met one or two Frenchmen with the Legion d'Honneur in their coats, or possibly the novelty has been started by gentlemen of socialistic tendencies, who have no intention of setting a fashion to gilded youths.

Strange.

It is one of the strangest of all strange things in life that people are not kinder to one another. And it is beyond all understanding why one trudger along life's highway should care to go out of his way to stab another who is doubtless having all he can do to keep up the march and drag his burden with him.

An Orange 75 Years Old.

Benjamin Hubbard, of Wells, has an orange that is 75 years old. It was found among the valuables of an uncle who died in the West Indies in 1818, and from the associations connected with it has been treasured by the family all these years. It shows no marks of decay, but a gradual shrinking, being now about the size of a hen's egg.

A World's Fair Relative.

First Chicago woman—Well, the last of my World's Fair relatives has gone home.

Second woman—Was he a near relative?

"Yes; he is my husband's brother's first wife's mother's son-in-law."

The first American tin was made in Connecticut, in 1770. The last was made by the newspaper process, at Columbus, O.

DEVOURED BY THE SEA.

The British Coast Strewn With Hundreds of Wrecks.

HUNDREDS OF LIVES LOST IN THE STORM.

Three Hundred Find Watery Graves Off the French Coast—Disaster by Land and Sea—Vessels Founder or Are Driven Ashore by the Dozen—Two Soldiers Frozen to Death.

GREAT Britain's terrible hurricane continues with unabated fury. The heavy wind, having interfered seriously with the telegraph wires, prevents full reports of disasters from reaching shipping circles. A despatch from St. Ives, Cornwall, says that three vessels are ashore in Carbis Bay. The Cynthia, of Liverpool, it is added, has foundered with all hands, and the Vulture, of Cardiff, has been wrecked, but the crew was saved. The sea off St. Ives is reported to be running terribly high, and several small craft have been lost. In addition a number of vessels are in dangerous positions and are awaiting the arrival of life-boats, which started to take off the crews.

The storm struck Liverpool to-day, doing much minor damage. A gable and a house were blown down, burying two boys in the ruins. The lads were reported to be seriously injured. A lifeboat has gone to the assistance of a distressed vessel sighted off Llandudno.

The reports which are arriving here, after many hours' delay, owing to the break down of the telegraph wires, indicate that an immense amount of damage has been done to shipping throughout the country. At Holyhead twenty lives have been saved up to noon, ten of them being from a French brigantine which went ashore near that place. At Scarborough, the fashionable English watering-place, more or less damage has been done to a number of houses. At Sunderland several houses have been partially wrecked and one building collapsed, killing a woman. The chimney of a paper mill near Kendal fell during the storm, killing three people. At Dundee a pilot cutter was wrecked in the Tay, and the crew clung to the wreck for seven hours before they were rescued by a lifeboat, in a much exhausted condition. The steamer Union was wrecked near Dundee and four of her crew were drowned. In addition there were many minor shipping casualties.

A despatch from Fraserburgh says that the storm eclipsed in severity that of the night of the Tay bridge disaster. The Duke of York, who was shooting with a distinguished party in the neighborhood of Lynn, was obliged to give up his sport on account of the storm.

The schooner Favorite, of Ilfracombe, was seen last night staggering along under short canvas, standing up the British Channel. Soon after she was first sighted she disappeared from view in a black squall. It is believed she was capsized and filled and sank, carrying all on board down with her.

This morning the gale is blowing with unabated vigor, and in shipping and insurance circles great fears are entertained for vessels off the coasts. Tug boats that went out from the ports this morning have reaped a harvest. Many of them have returned, having in tow dismasted and rudderless craft of every description.

Among the fatal disasters already reported is the foundering of the British steamer Boleau, a vessel of 1,840 tons, belonging to Cardiff. She had a crew of 21 persons. The captain and 16 of the crew are believed to have been lost. Four men have been saved. The steamer is believed to have been sunk off Lundy Isle.

The British barque Lowestoft was wrecked in the Tyne this morning. The crew were saved by the life-saving crew and the coast guardsmen.

The coasting vessel Jane Douglas is ashore at Holyhead. Her crew were taken off by a life-saving crew.

Many minor casualties have been reported.

At Huddersfield a chimney fell, killing two people.

A large steamer foundered near the rocky headland called Garren, at Sand End, near Banff. The shore is strewn with wreckage, and it is learned that the crew, numbering about 25 hands, was lost with the vessel.

The mail boat from Dublin to Holyhead to-day was five hours late in making the passage.

Lord and Lady Merton and family had a narrow escape on board their steam yacht, which was driven with violence against the pier at Bray, smashing in her starboard bulwarks. The party was rescued with some difficulty, and placed aboard a steamer until the storm abated.

Another Day of Disaster.

The Vulture and the Bessie, small steamers, which took refuge yesterday afternoon in the harbor of St. Ives on the Cornish coast, began dragging their anchors towards evening. Both signalled for help, but none could be sent in such terrible weather. They were driven ashore, and after two hours of perilous work the crews were rescued with life lines by the coast guards and fishermen. The steamers went to pieces in the tremendous seas which rolled over them in the night, and this morning not a vestige of either hull was seen.

The people of the Orkney Islands, off the north coast of Scotland, have suffered terribly. Many houses were unroofed yesterday. Walls and barns were levelled and hay stacks were lifted from the fields and blown out to sea. The packet Osprey was torn from her moorings and carried out to sea. She has not been seen since. The whole plantation of Dunbeath Castle in Caithness, the most northerly county of Scotland, was swept clean to the ground.

Signals of distress were seen flying this morning from a vessel on the Goodwin Sands off the Kentish coast. The fishermen on shore made repeated efforts to get lifeboats through the sea to her, but were driven back. Six vessels were ashore this morning near Holyhead, off the Welsh coast; four of them were breaking up. Six other vessels were making signals of distress.

The Yorkshire coast is strewn thick with wreckage. Near Whitby three vessels went ashore in the night and were going to pieces at noon. The crews were saved.

The excursion steamers Tern and Swan, which were at anchor in Windmere Lake, County of Lancaster, when the storm began, were torn loose before daylight and both went to the bottom.

Off Winterton, County of Norfolk, a schooner foundered shortly before noon and five of the crew were drowned.

Trawlers, fishing smacks and small crafts of other sorts have been reported by the score as missing from every important point on the coast. The loss of life has been great, but no estimate of the number drowned is possible, as communication with many parts of the coast has been cut off.

Despatches from Havre say that the Normandy coast has been scourged more severely than before in years. Many fishermen are known to have been lost; dozens are missing.

The service of channel steamers has been suspended.

At several points on the coast the thermometer has fallen rapidly and the high winds have piled up enormous snow drifts.

Two soldiers were found to-day frozen to death in a drift near Portamenta.

The British steamship Hampshire, 1,593 tons, went down this morning off Garnard's Head, on the Cornish coast. All the crew took to the boats. One boat reached shore, but the other went down and the twenty-three men which it carried were lost. One of the sailors who were saved said that the vessel sprang a leak after having been beaten about by the storm for five hours. She was on her way from Liverpool to Cardiff.

Reports of minor wrecks multiplied rapidly this afternoon. The Norwegian schooner Ane sank off Filzroy, on the Yorkshire coast. Only one of the nine aboard was saved.

A trawler went ashore near Rey, on the Caithness coast, and seven of eight in her crew were lost.

The British steamer Princess, 1,370 tons, plying between Sunderland and Bilbao, went to the bottom near Flamborough, Yorkshire, with all on board.

A Scotch trawler capsized off Scarborough, Yorkshire, and the eight men aboard her were lost.

At Darlington, 45 miles from York, the Springfield steel works were blown down, causing heavy loss.

Despatches from various points in the north of England report extensive havoc. Hundreds upon hundreds of trees were uprooted, fences and outhouses blown down and residences damaged. At Berwick-on-Tweed the roof of the North British Railway station was blown off. Many boats in the harbor were swamped.

At Goole, Yorkshire, three seamen were washed overboard and drowned.

The coast of Banffshire, Scotland, is strewn with wreckage. A vessel, believed to be a steamer, was wrecked on Friday night off Land End, Banffshire, and it is feared that 30 persons were drowned.

A heavy snowstorm prevails in Scotland. Casualties caused by the storm are being reported from many places.

A Norwegian barque foundered off Milanhead, county of Donegal, Ireland, this afternoon, and the crew of eight were lost.

The steamship Mayo, which plies between Dublin and Liverpool, arrived at the latter port this afternoon. Forty head of cattle were killed and thrown overboard during the voyage.

The steamship Upupa, from Newport, which was disabled off Kinsale yesterday, arrived at Queenstown to-day, and proceeded to Cork.

In consequence of the storm, the steamship Umbria had to wait two hours and forty minutes for the mails at Queenstown to-day.

At 10 o'clock this evening 130 deaths in the storm had been reported. The losses of the fishing fleet will raise the number to 200 or more.

The channel steamer Foam left Dover for Calais this morning before the company decided to suspend the channel service. She had the greatest difficulty entering Calais harbor. Her officers counted twenty-five wrecks, principally fishing boats, in the twelve-mile interval between Gravelines and Calais. They found the east pier head at Calais and the lighthouse in Calais harbor swept away. More than 600 feet of the pier had been swept away in the night. Tremendous seas were still piling up on the water-front. The harbor looked as if it had been shaken by an earthquake. More than 300 persons were drowned between noon yesterday and noon to-day at Calais and in the immediate neighborhood. Fifty bodies have been recovered.

Chief Officer Bywanston, of the steamer Hampshire, which went down off Gurnard Head, told this story of the last part of the vessel's voyage: "We ran before the gale for thirty hours. Then, as we saw the leak was gaining, we lowered two boats and put away from the ship. The captain commanded one and I commanded the other. The captain's boat was swamped and all hands went under. My boat began filling, and we had to jump overboard. I saw nothing more of the others. I was thrown ashore, bruised, half stunned, and with three ribs broken. I managed, however, to climb the cliffs and get help."

A crowd gathered at the docks in Liverpool Saturday night to await the steamship Lucania, but she did not arrive until Sunday morning. The last passenger left her at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Several of them were disabled. The Lucania was towed into the Mersey, which is full of wreckage.

The British steamer Sagamore, which sailed from Boston on November 7th, is in the Mersey. She is badly battered. Her officers say that many of her cattle died or had to be killed during the storm.

The vessel reported to have been wrecked off Sand End, Banffshire, on Friday night was probably the steamer Moray. She had a crew of 15, all of whom are supposed to have been lost.

A 40 ton crane used in completing the harbor at Tynemouth was blown down Saturday night and the harbor works were damaged to the extent of £10,000.

As the day progresses reports of wrecks and loss of life come in from the coast towns and villages with which telegraphic communication has not been cut off. It is feared that the loss of life will be greater than in any storm of recent years.

A spar bearing the name "Moray" has come ashore at Sand End, Banffshire. This is taken to confirm the report that the steamer Moray was lost off the place during the gale at Friday night. There is now scarcely a doubt that her entire crew of fifteen persons were drowned.

The Electro has foundered in the North Sea near Heligoland. Her passengers and crew were saved.

Eight fishing smacks from Hastings are missing, and it is feared that they were not able to ride out the storm.

The 4.45 express train from London for Cambridge was snowed in yesterday morning near Royston. One hundred men worked all day in digging out the train. Snowplows had gone out in advance of the train and they, too, were imbedded in the drifts. Towards night the track was sufficiently clear for the train to proceed. All went well until Harston was reached, where the train stuck again. The passengers then abandoned it.

Mrs. Eyre, a local carrier of Smalley, was found dead in the snow yesterday on the road to Darby, to which place she had started to walk Saturday.

Many smacks are missing from Yarmouth. The ship Samuel Lindsay has foundered in Lynn channel. Five of her crew were drowned.

The British steamer River Garry has gone down off Dunbar, at the mouth of the Firth of Forth. It is feared that all on board were drowned. One body has been washed ashore.

A three-masted vessel is ashore in the Dover Roads.

A despatch from Hythe, on the English Channel, eleven miles southwest of Dover, states that a three-masted vessel foundered off that place to-day. A part of the crew took to the small boats, but before they had got far from the vessel the boats were swamped and all in them were drowned. When the vessel sank her top mast stood above the water. Nine men could be seen for hours clinging to the upper rigging, with the water sweeping over them. The vessel was too far off shore for a rocket to reach her, and it would have been foolish to have attempted to get a lifeboat through the surf that was pounding with terrible roar up on the beach. There is scarcely a chance that a single man in the rigging will get ashore alive. In fact, some of them have already been swept off into the sea.

Three ships are ashore between Dymchurch and Romney, on the English Channel. Distress signals were thrown up by the stranded vessel, but no assistance could be rendered from the shore.

The Dungeness life-saving crew tried to get their boat afloat but they were swamped and thrown into sea. Their cork jackets saved them from drowning.

The whole Kentish coast is strewn with wrecks of large and small vessels, and it is believed, that, aside from those heard of, many others have been wrecked and at places remote from telegraphic communication. The maritime underwriters will sustain heavy losses through the storm.

At Scarborough, on the Yorkshire coast, several houses were blown down and many were unroofed. Fifteen fishing smacks are missing from the town. The Swedish schooner Djalmar foundered near the headland, but the crew were saved.

The Norwegian barque Gratia is stranded on the French coast near Barfleur. Nine of her crew were saved and three were lost. The Danish barque Embla, from Gothenburg, sank off Withernsea, near Hull. The captain and four sailors were drowned. A large schooner whose name has not been ascertained, foundered off Withernsea yesterday with all on board.

The British steamer Amoath, 627 tons, was wrecked off Aldborough, Yorkshire yesterday. All aboard were lost although nine attempts were made to reach her with rockets. The British steamship Olive Branch, 1,767 tons, was wrecked off the Welsh coast. Only one of the crew were saved.

A despatch from Toulon says that a heavy storm has swept the Mediterranean coast. At Toulon it did much damage. Lloyd's recorder reported 144 wrecks, the highest ever reported for a single day. The worst day before was in 1879, when 139 vessels were lost in 24 hours.

The steamer Aboukirbay was wrecked off Morlaix, near Brest, France. Fourteen bodies have been washed up on the shore opposite the wreck.

A violent gale blew Sunday all along the Atlantic coast of Spain and Portugal. Great damage was done at Bilbao and nearby ports. Several deaths from drowning in rivers are reported from the interior of Spain.

PAINLESS DEATH.

Nature is Kinder Than She Seems to the Eye of the Non-Professional.

The signs of impending death, says the *Medical Journal*, are many and variable. No two instances are precisely identical, yet several signs are common to many cases. Many people have an idea that death is necessarily painful, even agonizing, but there is no reason whatever to suppose so. It is because, in a certain proportion of cases, dissolution is accompanied by a visible spasm and distortion of the countenance that the idea exists, but it is as nearly certain as anything can be that these distortions of the facial muscles are not only painless, but take place unconsciously. In many instances, too, a comatose or semi-comatose state supervenes, and it is altogether probable that more or less complete unconsciousness then prevails. "We have abundant evidence of people who have been nearly drowned and resuscitated, and they all agree in the statement that after a few moments of painful struggling, fear and anxiety pass away, and a state of tranquillity succeeds. They see the visions of green fields, and in some cases hear pleasing music, and so far from being miserable, the sensations are delightful. But where attempts at resuscitation are successful, the resuscitated persons almost invariably protest against being brought back to life, and declare that resuscitation is accompanied by physical pain and acute mental misery.

Death is a fact which every man must personally experience, and consequently is of universal interest, and, as facts are facts, the wiser course is to look them squarely in the face, for necessity is coal black and death keeps no calendar.

When Milady Sleeps.

Never use anything but light blankets for the beds of babies, children or delicate adults. Big, strong people can sleep on flint, but it is wisdom to keep the body dressed night and day in loose material, so as to insure as perfect respiration for the skin as the lungs. The pores are breathing organs. There is decided warmth in quilts and comfortables, felt, skin rugs, leather, rubber and waterproof, but such draperies are bad, for the reason that, being impervious, they keep in the emanations from the body; blankets, on the other hand, are loosely woven, and being perforated allow the exhalations to pass through. Delicate people, light sleepers and sick persons are oppressed by the weight of unsanitary bedclothes, which often prevent them from getting any refreshing sleep.

If those women who get up in the morning feeling exhausted and tired will dispense with quilts and comforters and shoddy blankets, substituting an all-wool blanket and sheet, and leaving the window open top and bottom, they will soon get rest and recuperation from sleep.

A Greenock Body.

An eccentric old woman was persuaded to go to church in Greenock one Sunday, and next day the minister gave her a new gown. She did not again appear, and a member of the kirk-session called to learn the reason. "We expected you would attend every Sunday," said the elder, after explaining the cause of his visit. "Every Sunday!" echoed the old dame in amazement. "Did ye think I was sae greedy as to tak' a new goon frae the puir minister every week?"

Origin of the Feminine Finger Nail.

God took his softest clay and purest colors and made a fragile jewel, mysterious and caressing—the finger of woman; then he fell asleep. The devil awoke, and at the end of that rosy finger put—a nail.—*The Pianist.*

No, Maud, dear, a "healer" is not necessarily a shoemaker.

Among the South Sea Islanders for a long time after their acquaintance with Europeans began all values were expressed in axes.

The smaller the dude, the larger his chrysanthemum.

THE CARE OF THE HANDS.

The Secrets of the Manicure Told for Home Practice.

EMOLLIENTS AND INSTRUMENTS.

IT is claimed by many that man owes his superiority as much to the hand as the mind. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the hands are necessary members of the human body; that they play an important part in every one's life; that, as a rule, they speak loudly of one's personal habits; and that for these reasons, if for no others, they should be kept in presentable shape. This is a very simple matter for the woman who can take life easy, but for the housekeeper it is quite a different thing. It can be done, as she will find, if she will devote a few minutes daily to their exclusive care.

KEEP THEM CLEAN.

In caring for the hands, the first thing is to keep them spotlessly clean, which can be done in the following way, if not in the ordinary one: When through with the day's hardest work, partially fill a basin with a suds of warm, soft water and castile soap, and scrub the hands in it gently with a firm, but soft finger brush until no vestige of dirt is visible, even in those tell-tale places, "the lines of the hand." Rinse them well afterwards in clear water, and dry thoroughly with a soft towel, pushing back, at the same time, the scarf skin from around the base of each nail. Then rub them briskly with each other for five minutes, not forgetting to draw each finger several times through the tightly close fingers of the other hand, but not so hard as to make the joints crack; that enlarges them.

Perseverance in this will not only help one to

RETAIN TAPERING FINGERS,

but will much improve the shape of stubby ones; it will restore, in a great measure, the symmetry of finger tips blunted by misuse or constant pressure against some hard substance. Take heed, ye operators of the typewriter, etc.

This treatment which cleanses, invigorates, makes the skin pliable and the hands more shapely, should be followed for the first few weeks by the application of an emollient, either immediately or when retiring. Afterwards, it need be used only occasionally, when an extra hard day's work for the hands, raw, chilly weather or some other reason seems to make it necessary. But this treatment can be much assisted by a little timely application of the old saying, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Many an unsightly mark and callous spot can be prevented by simply donning a pair of loose, old gloves, either kid or cotton, when sweeping, dusting, cleaning grates, etc.; and by removing fruit, vegetable and all stains while fresh.

Stains from fruit and vegetables can be removed by holding the stained places, while moist from their first washing in water which should contain no soap, for a few minutes in the flame of several matches lighted in succession; those from more penetrating substances, or old stains, by bathing in a weak solution of oxalic acid. As this is a deadly poison, it should be prepared by a reliable druggist; and the bottle in which it is kept should be properly labeled, tightly corked, and placed out of the reach of little fingers.

EMOLLIENT APPLICATIONS.

An excellent prescription for an emollient is equal parts of glycerine and peroxide of hydrogen; it can be applied at any time, as it will not interfere with one's work if given time to dry in. Should this fail, after a thorough trial, to make the hands soft and white, a lotion made from equal parts of eau de cologne, strained honey and lemon juice may be found efficacious. Apply this to the inside of an old pair of gloves, which should be loose and without finger tips, and wear them nights.

The lotions are excellent remedies for cracked and chapped hands. It is claimed that there is a specific for these annoying complaints; namely, drying the hands thoroughly after having them in water and not exposing them directly to the outdoor air, either in summer or winter, until they have resumed their normal condition. This certainly is a very simple remedy, as rubbing vigorously with each other will quickly and thoroughly dry most hands; while in those cases where it will not, rubbing with soft flannel, preferably white, will be found effective.

Some physicians claim the tonic action rubbing has on the skin of the hands has been found to alleviate, if not cure, excessive perspiration of those members. It is superfluous to add that hands,

NO MATTER HOW SHAPELY,

can never be beautiful nor in presentable shape when crowned with unkempt nails. A specialist in the art of manicure, or nail culture, gives the following hints for their care: "The free-border of the nails should be trimmed as often as once a week, and to as perfect an oval shape as possible. For this purpose a nail file should be used, but never a knife or the scissors; cutting with either makes the end of the nails brittle. For this same reason, the surface of the nails should never be scraped, nor should the under side of the free border be cleaned with other than a blunt instrument or nail brush. The free margin of the scarf skin should never be pared, nor should it be allowed to adhere to or grow over the lunula, the half-moon at the base of the nails. Breaking the edge of the scarf skin, whether by paring or permitting it to

GROW OVER AND CLEAVE OFF

from the nails at will, will always be followed by 'hang-nails'; and these unpleasant things can be avoided only by keeping the margin of the scarf skin free and unbroken. This can be done by simply pushing it back from the nails with a regular presser or a soft towel, daily at first, then only occasionally, when it shows an inclination to intrude on forbidden ground. To be truly beautiful, the nails must have a highly polished surface. This can be attained by rubbing them freely with a piece of dry chamois skin, either wound around a finger of the opposite hand or a curved piece of wood."

Regular nail polishers can be bought for from fifty cents apiece, upward; finger and nail brushes combined, for twenty cents, and upwards; and nail files, with presser at one end and nail cleaner at the other, for twenty-five cents, upwards, thus making it possible for women of limited means to have all the essential articles of a manicure set at a very little cost.

To the ardent wooer "no" news is hardly good news.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

Didn't Know When the Tooth Came Out, But, Oh, His Other Troubles.

"Does it hurt very much to have a tooth pulled?" inquired a tall man of a Tremont street dentist.

"That depends," was the reply. "If the affected tooth happens to be a molar with the roots at right angles with each other, or if it is decayed so as to leave the nerve uncovered, or if it is worn down even with the gums, so that it is necessary to dig the flesh away in order to get a good hold with the forceps, then the chances are that you will kick a little."

Then the tall man trembled from head to foot, and in shaking voice said: "What do you think of that one?" accompanying his words by opening his mouth to its fullest extent and indicating with his finger the seat of his trouble.

The doctor took up a small instrument with a little round looking-glass at one end, and, running it into the cavern that yawned before him, made a careful inspection of the interior.

"That looks like a stubborn old fellow," remarked the doctor, as he replaced the instrument upon his working table.

"What would you advise?" timidly inquired the tall man.

"Laughing gas," replied the doctor.

"Will I be oblivious to the pain?"

"Entirely so."

The tall man settled himself in the operating chair, and the doctor inserted between the patient's teeth an old champagne cork. Then he placed a funnel-shaped piece of rubber over the tall man's mouth and nose, and told him to breathe heavily. Gradually consciousness gave way under the influence of the gas, but not until the man to be operated upon had suffered the sensation of being smothered under an old-fashioned feather pillow.

The tall man was now in dreamland. He first imagined that he was on his way to the World's Fair, and when the train was on a down grade and going sixty miles an hour, the wheels left the track. The air brakes broke, and the cars rushed along at a terrible speed. It was with the greatest difficulty that the dreamer kept his berth. Tremendous jolting was caused by the wheels running over the ties. The suspense was something awful; the wreck of the train was inevitable. The car was filled with the shrieks of the terrified passengers, mingled with the crash of glass and the rattle of the train. Suddenly there was a deafening report and a tremendous concussion, and the cars appeared to crumble away. The tall man found himself in total darkness, but suddenly, to his horror, he discovered a streak of lurid flame through the wreckage, which told him that he would be roasted alive if immediate succor did not reach him. He could hear voices directly over him, but, do as he would, not a sound could he utter. The flames were making rapid progress toward the place where he was confined, and their hot breath was beginning to singe his whiskers. Then came the crash of an axe directly over his head. The first blow struck him squarely in the back of the neck, and he felt that his time had surely come. The next one cut off his left ear, and the third opened up a space in his cranium the size of a saucer. The fire had now crept up to his feet, and the left one was slowly roasting, when another blow from the axe, greater than all the rest, knocked his head clean from his body. He experienced a singular buzzing in his ear; there was a gleam of light in the distance, and with a bound he returned to consciousness.

The doctor was standing over him, holding a double tooth in his forceps.

"That was an old stager, and no mistake. How he did hang! It took all my strength to dislodge him," and the doctor wiped his dripping forehead with his handkerchief.

"Where a-a-am I?" were the first words of the tall man.

"Why, right here in my office," responded the doctor. "You would have had a tough time if you hadn't taken the gas."

"Well, if it had been rougher than it actually was I would now be a corpse," and the tall man paid the $1 50, and went out into the street feeling as if he had been walking in a treadmill for a week.—*Boston Herald.*

Ernest, Your Mother is Ill.

The following letter from a mother in search of her missing son is sent to the press:

HORSEHEADS, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be so kind as to inform me if there is a young man named Ernest Shults known in your city? I have lost all track of him. One year ago he was working on a dam that was being built at Drummondville, Ont., and said he would be home before Christmas, and I have waited and watched until it does seem as if I must find out where he is. My health is poor. I have a little boy to care for and don't know how to get along without him. If you can tell me anything about him please do so as soon as possible and oblige his sick mother,

LIBBIE SHULTS,
Horseheads, Chemung County, N. Y.

The Origin of a Phrase.

Phrases and slang terms are frequently born of interesting episodes, as witness the following: Peter the Great, while off driving in the neighborhood of Moscow on one occasion, was seized with the pangs of hunger. "What have we in the hamper?" he asked of his aide. "There is but one candle left, your Majesty," replied the aide; "but I think I can exchange it for a fowl at the next farmhouse, if you wish." "Do so," replied the Czar; "for I am famished, and do not care for a light luncheon." The aide laughed, and, as he had surmised, managed the exchange; but the bird was found to be unusually tough. "I do not think, Vosky," said the Emperor, later—"I do not think the game was worth the candle!"

Equal to Any Emergency.

Mrs. Caustique (with rigid severity)—What I don't understand, Mrs. Parvnoo, is why you should have named your summer cottage Fernhurst-by-the-Riverside, when there isn't a stream of water within ten miles.

Mrs. Parvnoo (with equal severity)—My husband intends to have a river put through the premises at once.—*Chicago Record.*

Explained.

"I've been riding on the elevated for five years, and I've never offered a lady a seat."

"Then you've never had any manners."

"That isn't it. I've never had a seat."

Nuwed—My wife is the dearest little woman on earth. Oldbach—How much does she cost you?

Miss Plink—And you really never look under the bed? Miss Plunk—No, indeed; it is so comforting to feel that possibly he may be there.

In 1,000 ounces of our gold coinage there are 900 ounces of pure gold, 10 ounces of silver and 90 of copper.

The Fool's Prayer.

The royal feast was done; the king
  Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
  Kneel now and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his hat and bells
  And stood the mocking court before.
They could not see the bitter smile
  Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
  Upon the monarch's silken stool,
His pleading voice arose—"Oh, Lord,
  Be merciful to me a fool.

"Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
  Of truth and right, Oh, Lord, we stay;
Tis by our follies that so long
  We hold the earth from Heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
  Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
  Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-trimmed truth we might have kept—
  Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we have not sense to say—
  Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask;
  The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
  Before the eyes of all heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
  Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did their will; but thou, oh Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool."

The room was hushed. In silence rose
  The king and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart and murmured low,
  "Be merciful to me, a fool."
—*From an old scrap book.*

The Land o' the Leal.

"I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa'
  To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
  In the land o' the leal.

"Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And oh! we grudge her sair
  To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean,
The joy that's aye to last
  In the land o' the leal.

"Sae dear that joy was bought, Jean,
Sae free the battle fought, Jean,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
  To the land o' the leal.
Oh, dry your glistening e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels beckon me
  To the land o' the leal.

"Oh, haud ye leal and true, Jean,
Your day it's wearin' through, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
  To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
The world's cares are vain, Jean,
We'll meet, and aye be fain
  In the land o' the leal."

NOT A BAD WORLD.

But Huxley Thinks Man Can Do Much to Make it Better.

Modern thought is making a fresh start from the base whence Indian and Greek philosophy set out; and, the human mind being very much what it was six and twenty centuries ago, there is no ground for wonder if it presents indications of a tendency to move along the old lines to the same results. We are more than sufficiently familiar with modern pessimism, at least as a speculation; for I can not call to mind that any of its present votaries have sealed their faith by assuming the rags and the bowl of the mendicant Bhikku, or the cloak and the wallet of the Cynic. The obstacles placed in the way of sturdy vagrancy by an unphilosophical police have, perhaps, proved too formidable for philosophical consistency. We also know modern speculative optimism, with its perfectibility of the species, reign of peace, and lion and lamb transformation scenes; but one does not hear so much of it as one did forty years ago; indeed, I imagine it is to be met with more commonly at the tables of the healthy and wealthy than in the congregations of the wise. The majority of us, I apprehend, profess neither pessimism nor optimism. We hold that the world is neither so good nor so bad as it conceivably might be, and as most of us have reason, now and again, to discover that it can be. Those who have failed to experience the joys that make life worth living are, probably, in as small a minority as those who have never known the griefs that rob existence of its savor and turn its richest fruits into mere dust and ashes.

Further, I think I do not err in assuming that, however diverse their views on philosophical and religious matters, most men are agreed that the proportion of good and evil in life may be very sensibly affected by human action. I never heard anybody doubt that the evil may be thus increased or diminished, and it would seem to follow that good must be similarly susceptible of addition or subtraction. Finally, to my knowledge, nobody professes to doubt that, so far as we possess a power of bettering things, it is our paramount duty to use it and to train all our intellect and energy to this supreme service of our kind.

THE COSTLIEST WOODEN LEG.

Here is Rich Material for a Romance by Mark Twain.

Several thousands of pounds were paid for the wooden leg provided by the Sultan of Turkey for one of the first favorites of his harem. Having lost her leg in an accident, the Sultan had an artificial one of wood made for her, and by his directions it was set with rare and costly jewels to the value of many thousands of pounds. When released from its position each night, this jewelled limb is guarded with great care, and restored to its fair owner when she rises in the morning.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Down Hill is Easy.

Darwin says that it takes a monkey a thousand years to make a man of himself, but when a man undertakes to reverse this order of things it don't take so long.

"No, sir, I cannot let you kiss me." "You permitted Jack Gotthere to kiss you the other night." "But that was in payment of a forfeit. Then, you know, he is my cousin, and besides he is a divinity student." "Well, so am I a divinity student." "You?" "Yes; haven't I been studying you for a long time?"

Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., says there is no truth in the report that he will be the McCarthy candidate in any constituency.

A Patrons of Industry convention was held at Bowmanville yesterday at which addresses were delivered by Messrs. G. C. Currie, C. Osborne and Levitt.

A report has reached Quebec that 200 Nascopee and Montagnais Indians in northern Labrador starved to death last winter owing to the failure of the cariboo hunt.

An epidemic of influenza is reported in Upper Silesia. In Blackburn, Lancashire, England, 10,000 cases of the disease have been reported during the past three weeks.

The Scotch miners have taken heart at the success won by their English brethren, and have decided to strike unless the mine owners agree to advance their wages a shilling a day.

There is a certain kind of smile that most men don't have to force.

THE ELKHORN ADVOCATE

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1893

LOCAL NEWS.

After Sunday next do not forget [illegible] ite 1894

The Elkhorn public [illegible] will be re-[illegible] on the [illegible] of January, 1894.

THE ADVOCATE [illegible]

The Curling C[illegible] hall last evening [illegible]

Mr. E. Bedford returned to Brandon hospital on this morning's express as unfavorable symptoms rendered it necessary.

The dwelling house of Mrs. Fitzsim-[illegible] Fleming together with its contents, was consumed by fire on T[illegible] of last week.

One of our [illegible]

We have received the first number of the Broadview Sentinel. It is a very neat sheet, owned by a joint stock company and edited by Mr. A. W. [illegible]

The Bible C[illegible] church [illegible] Foresters' Hall [illegible] Home Xmas tree [illegible]

Mrs. Good [illegible] Tuesday last, [illegible] fancy and [illegible] work, but did not find much patronage. She left for Oak Lake on Wednesday.

Mr. J. E. [illegible] people of Elkhorn [illegible] to the self-denial fund of the Salvation Army, also for purchasing [illegible]

Hugh McK[illegible] account book [illegible] price of 75c. The [illegible] and should be in the hands of every farmer. To be had from the Secretary of the Farmers' Institute, A. M. Bradford.

The Elkhorn Advocate is now published from the Industrial Department of the Washakada Indian Home. It is neatly printed and replete with interesting news of the locality in which it is published.—Winnipeg Tribune.

We welcome amongst our exchanges this week the Elkhorn Advocate. The Advocate ceased publication, for some months but has again made its appearance. We are sure, that under the able management of Mr. W. J. Thompson the success of it is assured.—Fort William Echo.

During the last blizzard some unfortunate citizen was made the poorer by the loss of a tablecloth. Whether the wind blew it off the table or out of the hands of some maiden who was shaking it, is not yet ascertained; but it landed in Mr. Broadley's yard where it can be obtained on application by the owner.

The Union Sunday School Christmas entertainment held on Saturday evening the 23rd, was a decided success. The chair was occupied by Mr. Jos. Broadley. After an excellent program by the children of the school, Santa Claus arrived and proceeded to rejoice the hearts of the young folks by a very liberal distribution of presents.

The first number of the revived Elkhorn Advocate was issued last week. It is a neatly printed eight page, six column folio, well filled with local and general news. Mr. W. J. Thompson formerly of the Chronicle is editor and manager, and will devote his best energies to booming the western gateway town and surrounding district.—Virden Chronicle.

The Washakada Indian Home carpenter shop is getting some free advertising in Whitewood lately owing to the fact that the seats for the Agricultural Hall were made here. The Directors have been severely censured for having the work done outside the town, but have replied that they would not have done so had it been possible to secure as good workmanship at the same price. This speaks volumes for foreman Simington and his staff.

Farmers' Institute, Dennis No. 2, held a meeting in the Foresters' Hall, on Saturday the 23rd inst. which was addressed by Secretary Bradford, C. Freeman and Geo. Allison. These three gentlemen all gave some good practical pointers to farmers. The meeting was well attended and much interest manifested. A vote of thanks was tendered the speakers at the close. It was moved by L. Jones and seconded by W. Bailey that a petition be prepared to present to the Government to compel the C. P. R. engines to carry efficient spark arresters. The next meeting of the Institute will be held on the 1st Saturday in January, when R. A. McLonghry, V. S. will give an address [illegible]

A farmer residing a short distance from [illegible] the past year [illegible] expenses. This is a good showing for a year like the present but it is needless to say that this farmer did not market all his eggs in one basket. He sold some beef, potatoes, [illegible] which [illegible] make [illegible] pay [illegible]

An amusing incident occurred on Christmas day at the skating rink. One [illegible] in the afternoon [illegible] the [illegible]. Claimant No 1 protested but without avail, when subsequently discovering a superior pair beneath a chair, he relinquished his claim upon No 1 and went off with the better ones.

The St Mark's Church Sunday School Xmas entertainment, held last Friday night, was a very enjoyable affair. The former part of the evening was spent in [illegible] etc. The music by the [illegible] Indian Home, was excellent considering the short period of [illegible] they have been under training, and reflects great credit upon Mr. Armstrong, who is teaching them. The distribution of presents took place after a few selections by the band and the children were all made happy. The tree was a beauty, lighted with wax candles, and well laden with nice presents for the children.

Last evening an ADVOCATE representative was invited over to "Our Indian [illegible]" and upon entering the dining [illegible] was amazed at the spread set for the Indian children. It was their Xmas dinner and was an exceedingly fine sight to behold. The dining hall is about 50x28 ft. In the centre of the room was a table [illegible] down with a number of turkeys, [illegible] four of which were 14 [illegible] laden down with rich [illegible] many kinds, pies, cakes, fruit [illegible] and many other delicacies. [illegible] o'clock the bell rang and the [illegible] filed in, looking very neat in their uniforms. They took their places [illegible] and for the next hour were [illegible] engaged in storing away the good things set before them. They will have a Xmas tree in the Town Hall this evening.

At the residence of the brides father on Wednesday Dec. 20th, Miss. Frances Alice McDonald second daughter of Mr. W. W. McDonald M. P. was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. Aaron Botterill of Fleming. The ceremony was performed by Mr Mitten the rector of St. Alban's Church, Moosomin. The bride was handsomely dressed in cream satin striped fancy cloth trimmed with satin and silk lace to match, and wore a wreath of orange blossoms. Miss Carrie McDonald, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, while the groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Edward Botterill. After the ceremony the guests sat down to a sumptuous repast prepared by Mrs. McDonald. The presents received were both numerous and costly. The couple have our best wishes for a prosperous and happy life.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss. Cathie Wilson has returned to her home here.

Mr. Finley of Brandon is spending a few days in town.

Mr. J. C. Stull is spending a few days with friends in town.

R. A. McLonghry, V. S., spent Xmas with friends at Lippentott

Miss Edith Martin of Moose Jaw is spending a few weeks in town.

Mr. T. Lynden of the Winnipeg Commercial gave us a friendly call last evening.

Mr. Frank Thomas left for Carberry on Saturday morning last to spend a few weeks.

Mr. Broley, of Qu'Appelle, father of Mrs. F. Travis, was in town on Christmas day.

Miss. Jeffery, who has been teaching at Langvale, has returned home for her holidays.

Mr. Denny Cavanagh and Miss. B. Cavanagh, are spending their Xmas holidays at home

Miss McLonghry, of Moosomin, sister of R. A. McLonghry, V. S. spent Saturday last in town.

We are pleased to see our old friend Mr. T. Donaldson in town during Xmas week renewing old acquaintences.

Mr. Cecil Rolston, and Miss. Grace Rolston have returned from Winnipeg and are spending there holidays at Home.

Mr. W Gould who lives south of Elkhorn, leaves to-morrow morning for Brandon Hospital to receive treatment for a badly frozen foot.

Mr. George Broadley is spending a few days in town. He is quite delighted at once more having an opportunity of falling down on the ice at the skating rink.

Miss Hurton left for Virden on Tuesday mornings express, where she intends to spend the remainder of her holidays with her brothers, who reside there.

Beulah.

Court Beulah Canadian Order of Foresters meets on Friday night. This court which has only lately been formed is in a flourishing condition, and we hope soon [illegible] more join its ranks.

[illegible] who has been working for [illegible] Chapman for some time got his feet badly frozen last week. People cannot be too careful this exceptionally cold weather.

Your first issue of the ADVOCATE to hand, and all we can say is, if it continues [illegible] be a great [illegible] and very cheap at $1.00 a year.

Very little grain is being marketed from this section of country just now as the trails are so very heavy.

A great many people in this neighborhood are suffering from la grippe. This unpleasant disease seems to be getting a regular annual visitor and one which we could very well dispense with.

Debating societies have been started at Arrow River and Saraville schools. These will help to pass away the long winter evenings pleasantly and profitably. Practical lessons are the only ones that make a man successful as an orator.

Miniota school is closed for the winter months, the attendance being too small to warrant keeping it open.

All the excitement of the election is now over and the returns are—D. Gerrand elected Reeve; W. Lynch and I. M. Lyon Councillors in Ward 1; W. B. Rowan and John Clarke Councillors in Ward 2; H. Turner and T. Hamilton in Ward 3. M. T. B. Gurney was just beaten for the Reeveship by 8 votes.

Virden.

Last Wednesday was the most magnificent day of the season, and the farmers and citizens crowded the streets. It was like a day of celebration to see the crowd. Now if we had nice weather all the time what a pleasant time we would have, and enjoy the winters really better than the summers.

Rev. Mr. Bennett, B. A., preached in the Methodist church on Sunday evening last.

Mr. W. F. Scarth has disposed of his trotting mare, Lilly S. to a party in Brandon.

Mr. H. Green of Pipestone is visiting friends here this week.

Mr. H. Lang, editor of the Moose Jaw Times, spent Monday in town.

Mr. J. H. Agnew has removed his office to Cain's Block on 7th Avenue.

Mr. C. A. McGragh, M. L. A., spent Monday in town.

After Jan. 1st, 1894, the stores in Virden will close at 7 o'clock.

Mr. [illegible] B[illegible] visited friends in the country for a few days this week.

The citizens of Virden are lamenting the want of a flour mill.

At the election in Virden on Tuesday Dec. 10th, the following Councilmen were elected: B. Foster, J. McNiven, J. J. Caulfield, W. F. Carefoot, G H. Healey. W. J. Kennedy, Mayor.

Burnbank and Two Creeks

The annual meeting of the Two Creeks Curling Club was held at Burnbank on the 21st inst. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year; George Allison, Pres.; A. G. Medley, Vice Pres. W. Lindsay, Jr. Sec. Treas. The club appears to be flourishing, and starts the new year with a balance in hand of $30. The question as to the advisibility of building a rink was considered, and it was decided to erect one next summer on Mr. Allan Struthers' land, in readiness for the following winter's play.

Mr. C. J. P. Watts returned on Friday from Liverpool where he has been visiting friends.

BIRTHS.

TRAVIS.—On Saturday the 23rd, the wife of F. Travis of a son.

FRAZER—Near Elkhorn, on the 21st inst, the wife of John Frazer of a son.

MARRIED.

BOTTERILL—McDONALD—At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday the 20th Inst, Miss Frances McDonald to Aaron Botterill, all of Fleming.

MARKETS.

ELKHORN. Wheat, 42c. to 50c. Flour, Hungarian, $1.80; Strong Bakers $1.50. Beef retail, 1[illegible] Mutton carcase, 8c. to 10c.; Pork carcase, 6 1-2c. Butter 23c. Eggs 27c. Hay per ton $4 to $5. Chicken [illegible] per lb [illegible]

CHICAGO. Wheat 61 1-2c. Oats [illegible] 1-2c. Cattle $1 1-4c. to 6 3-4c.; Hogs 4.[illegible] to 5.28

Special Offer.

To those who wish to subscribe for the ADVOCATE, we make the following liberal offer. We will take as subscriptions the following [illegible] at 10 per cent above highest market price: Wheat, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, dressed Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chickens, Vegetables, Sox, Mitts, Wood, etc.

Take advantage of this offer now.

[illegible] SERVICES.
CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
[illegible] Church, Elkhorn, every Sunday during the winter months at the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M. and 7.30 o'clock, p.m.
Sunday School in Church at 3 o'clock [illegible] afternoon.
Church of the Advent, Kola—Service at 3 o'clock in afternoon,
R. G. STEVENSON,
Curate in charge

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Sabbath Services morning and evening at 11 a.m., and 7.30 p.m.
Y. P. S. C. E. on Friday evening at 7.30 in Broadley's Hall.
Service at Woodville at 2.30 o clock, p.m..
W. G. W. FORTUNE
Pastor

MUSIC.
ELKHORN STRING QUARTETTE.
Engagements taken for Balls, Concerts, etc.
Terms moderate.
A. E. ASPINWALL, Manager

ARKELL'S
LIVERY & FEED STABLES.
RICHILL AVENUE - ELKHORN, MAN

R. de W. WALLER,
General Insurance & Commission Agent
Representing the best English and Canadian Companies for Fire and Accident and the
GREAT WEST LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
MONEY TO LOAN
On Farm and Town Property
IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE.

W. J. TAGGART,
Carriage Builder.
— AND —
GENERAL BLACKSMITH
Horse Shoeing and Shear Work
A Specialty.
Work Neatly and Promptly Attended to.
STAND 1st door north Cavanagh's feed stable.
ELKHORN - MAN

W. M. CUSHING
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
NOTARY PUBLIC
Commissioner for taking Affidavits.
MONEY TO LEND ON FARM PROPERTY
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE
Licensed Auctioneer.
Agent
Northern Pacific Railway,

— THE —
ELKHORN BAKERY.
WHITE, BROWN, AND FANCY BREAD.
BUNS, CAKES, BISCUITS AND PASTRYS
Wedding Cakes a Specialty
FRUIT AND OYSTERS IN SEASON
C. TRUMBELL

[illegible] MILLER
HAVE ALL KINDS OF
Lumber, Lath, and Shingles
FOR SALE.
— ALSO DEALERS IN —
Heavy & Shelf Hardware
Paints, Oils, Glass
Tinware,
Stoves a Specialty at this SEASON.
SMITH'S HARD STOVE AND SOFT COAL.
TERMS CASH OR ITS EQUIVALENT
NELSON ST. - - VIRDEN

THIS SPACE
RESERVED
---FOR
JOSEPH BROADLEY,
HARDWARE.

THE PATRONS' STORE.
ALWAYS LEADS THE PRICE UP
WHEN WE BUY YOUR PRODUCE
Wheat at 50c. a bushel. Hogs at 6¼ cts. a pound
Eggs at 27 cts. a dozen. Butter at 23 cts a pound
Hides at 1½ cts. a pound. Fox skins and other furs at top prices. 100 cords of wood at market prices.
OR WHEN WE SELL YOU
We Lead The Prices Down.
Mens' Lined Overshoes at $1.20 per pair.
Ladies Lined Overshoes at $1 per pair.
Mens' and Ladies' Moccasins at $1 per pair.
Mens' and boys' German sox, full lined, only 60 cts.
Mens' Fur Coats from $14.50.up.
Mens' All Wool Underware, 1.25 a suit and upwards.
FOR NEW YEAR GIFTS
We Have a Beautiful Line of Toys, Baskets, Fancy China, and Silk Goods direct from Japan.
Remember We are here to Stay.
We are not selling out or going out of business, yet our prices are always lower than any other in Town
THOMAS & MOWAT.